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THE
IRISH MINSTREL,
A SELECTION
from the
Vocal Melodies of Ireland,
ANCIENT & MODERN,
Arranged for the
Piano Forte
BY
R. A. SMITH.



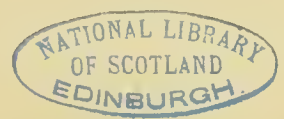
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Price 8/.

*Dear Harp of Erin, let thy strain
Re-echo thro' the vale again*

EDINBURGH.

*Published & Sold by ROBT PURDIE at his Music & Musical Instrument
Warehouse N^o 70 Princes Street.*



PREFACE.

ENCOURAGED by the very flattering manner in which the SCOTISH MINSTREL has been received, the Publisher brings forward this Volume of IRISH MELODIES upon a similar plan, and trusts that, upon examination, this work will be found not less entitled to public approbation and patronage.

It is certain that the Scots and Irish divide between them the richest musical inheritance in the world; and so uninterrupted has been the intercourse of wandering minstrels between the sister kingdoms,—so similar the style of their melodies,—that no inconsiderable proportion of our finest airs has become a sort of disputed property claimed by both parties,—a circumstance that renders the present publication almost a necessary continuation of the former.

In foreign countries,—in Italy and Germany, the very seats of scientific song,—these artless airs have found admirers; and some of their most eminent masters have not disdained to adorn their works by incorporating them with their compositions; but upon the heart of a *native*, “like the memory of joys that are past,” they produce those effects, “pleasant and mournful,” of which a stranger can form no conception.

With what emotions does every man listen to the strain that was first impressed upon his ear by the voice of “the mother that looked on his childhood,” whose lullabies soothed his infant cares to rest, and whose memory is associated with a thousand tender recollections of “scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure” never to be forgotten!

Aided by this powerful principle of association, our national melodies have obtained an ascendancy in the estimation of our countrymen, against which the best music of the modern schools would vainly be brought in competition; indeed, by that numerous class who have been more indebted to nature for ears than to teachers for science, they are almost regarded as the *only* music.

Who has not seen a numerous assembly unmoved by the most scientific compositions of the greatest masters, and sitting for a whole evening under the discharge of all the thundering artillery of modern accompaniments with the most unfeeling indifference? But change the entertainment—strike up one of our old Scottish or Irish melodies—let it be but tolerably performed, even by a single voice or instrument,—and the audience shall become at once all life and feeling, and

testify, by demonstrations the most unequivocal, that *that* is the music which, through the avenue of the ear, can make its way directly to the heart.

“The grand criterion of literary composition,” says Cicero, “is that becoming air which every reader imagines so easy to be imitated, yet will find so difficult to attain.” Overlooking a criterion no less applicable to musical than to literary compositions—supposing that airs, of a modulation so restricted as seldom to exceed a sharpened fourth, or a flattened seventh, must be of easy construction,—many a musician has conceived himself capable of composing airs such as we are considering,—a single trial, however, will probably convince him of his mistake. No less a master than Geminiani was not ashamed to confess, that he had blotted quires of paper in vain, in attempting to compose a second part to “The Broom of the Cowdenknowes.”

Through the force of novelty, or the peculiar powers of some favourite singer, one new song after another becomes the rage of the day, which in a short time is laid aside to be remembered no more. It bloomed but to wither—was born but to die; but our old national melodies are *imperishable* plants, unfading *ever-greens*, which have no more to dread from the capricious innovations of fashion, than the oak has to fear from the storm, which, instead of overturning, serves but to fix it more deeply in its native earth.

For the publication of melodies of such unquestionable value it would no doubt be absurd to offer an apology; but our readers are perhaps aware, that these melodies have already been given to the world, adorned with all the poetical talent of Mr Moore, and all the musical science of Sir John Stevenson.

To the merits of a Work so deservedly popular, and which, among the higher ranks, has obtained a circulation so extensive, we will be the first to subscribe, and have no wish that our humble performance should ever be mentioned in competition with it; but, if, by the economy of our typography and plan of arrangement, we have been able to condense, into one portable volume, the most valuable melodies that are there contained in nine or ten, and reduced the price from seven or eight pounds to about as many shillings;—if, in place of accompaniments in which the air is not heard, we have substituted those of which the melody forms a constituent part, so that the full effect of the whole may be heard upon the Piano-Forte, either with or without the voice,—we think we have done no unacceptable service to a large class of the community, among whom we may reasonably expect our Work to find support and circulation.

In the poetical department, we have carefully excluded every thing, whether in expression or sentiment, that could, by the most fastidious, be considered *offensive*. It is painful to hear (as we have heard) licentious sentiments, veiled under all the graces of poetical expression, warbled from the lips of some unsuspecting

innocent, who, if conscious of their import, would have blushed at their impurity. We have admitted nothing which a parent might not safely put into the hand of his child. If we cannot pretend that our songs are all of high poetical merit, they are at least all *innocent*; and of the two, we would rather run the risk of being denounced for *dulness* than lashed for *licentiousness*.

To our contributors of original poetry we beg to present our most grateful acknowledgments,—particularly to Mr D. Weir of Greenock; Mr Alexander Laing, near Brechin; Mr R. Hogg; Mr Henry Scott Riddel; and Mr James Hogg (the Etterick Shepherd); who have all entered with enthusiasm into the design of this undertaking, and so successfully caught the true spirit of the melodies, as to make “the sound seem but an echo to the sense,” in a great number of excellent songs.

For the industry that collected, and the science that arranged these melodies, we are indebted to Mr R. A. Smith, of whose qualifications for the task the public are already in possession of satisfactory pledges. He has spared no pains to obtain the most accurate *setts*; and they are here presented in all that wild originality and native simplicity, which forms their characteristic excellence, with an accompaniment in a style so simple, that the right hand always plays the melody to which the harmony is added in small notes below,—a plan for which, we are quite sure, he is entitled to the thanks of every little Miss who has been subjected to all the difficulties of singing an air, and at the same time playing a running accompaniment in which that air was not included.

To be admired, the music of Ireland needs but to be known; and that this volume might prove both acceptable and accessible to the lovers of song, whatever could contribute to diminish the difficulty of performing, and facilitate the means of attaining, these admirable melodies, has throughout received the most anxious attention of the Publisher.

Edinburgh, 1st June, 1825.

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THE Irish Minstrel.

1

DEAR HARP OF ERIN.

Air — Daniel the worthy.

In
Moderate
time.



vale a-gain; Nor thus in si-lence sleep so long, But wake at once thy

2d Verse.

powers of song. May thy sweet voice at eve-ning hour, Be

heard in youth and beau-ty's bower; While notes of glad-ness

win the smile, From hearts that wept in E-rin's isle.

D. Weir.

ERIN GO BRAGH.

Air— Savournah Deelish.

Mod:

with

Feeling.

There came to the beach a poor ex-ile of E-rin, The

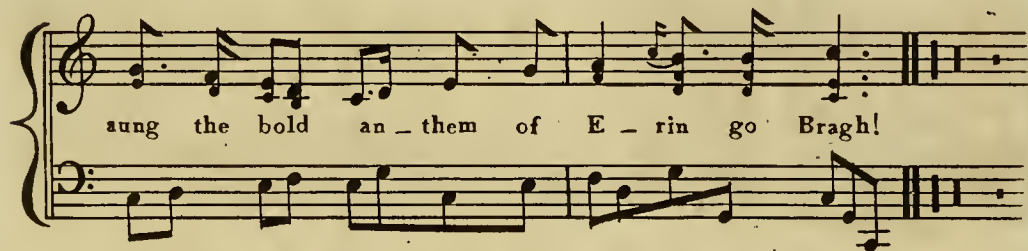
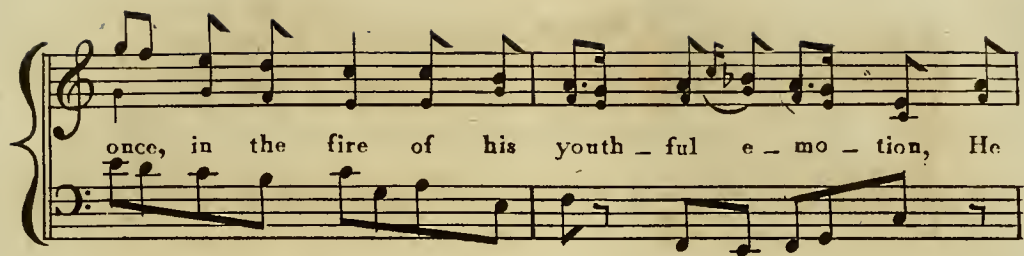
dew on his thin robe was hea-vy and chill, For his

coun-try he sigh'd, when at twi-light re-pair-ing To

wan-der a-lone by the wind-bea-ten hill. But the

day-star at-trac-ted his eye's sad de-vo-tion, For it

rose o'er his own na-tive isle of the o-cean, Where



Oh! sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and a country remain not for me.
 Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,
 Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
 And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go Bragh!

Oh, Erin! my country, though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
 But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
 Ah! cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
 Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me!
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where is the cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
 Sisters and sire, did you weep for its fall?
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
 And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all?
 Ah, my sad soul! long abandon'd by pleasure,
 Why didst thou doat on a fast-fading treasure?
 Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

But yet, all its fond recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw,
 Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
 Land of my forefathers— Erin go Bragh!
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest Isle of the ocean,
 And thy harp—striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
 Erin mavourneen, Erin go Bragh!

Campbell.

POOR EMBLEM OF DEPARTED PLEASURE.

Air—The faded Rose.

Slowly
with
Expression

Poor emblem of departed pleasure, I view thee with a mourn-ful

eye! Thy faded form I still will treasure—It tells of bliss long since gone by.

Thou bring'st to mind bright visions, cherish'd When youth and fan-cy were mine

own: Thou tell'st of joys too early perish'd, Of pleasures faded, hopes o'erthrown.

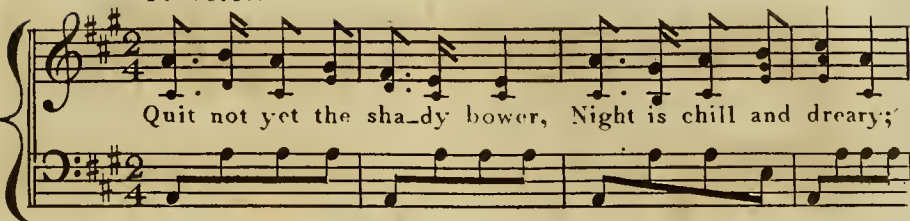
Poor hapless flower, I still will wear thee;
While life remains, we ne'er must part,
And death's rude hand alone shall tear thee
From this sad, lonely, broken heart!
Thy hour of pride was quickly shaded,
Thy balmy sweetness soon was o'er,
In one short night thy beauties faded,
And now thou charm'st the eye no more.

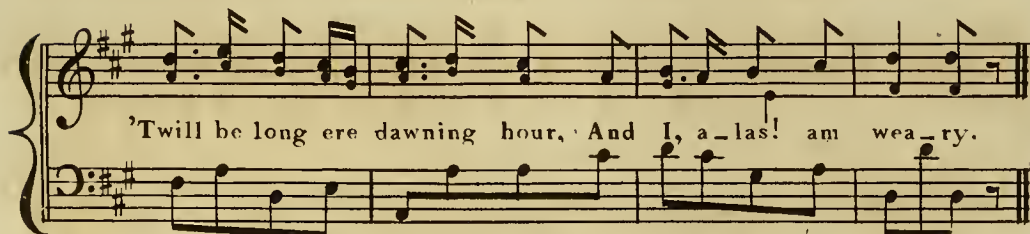
The guardian thorns which close caress thee
Wound not this tortured breast of mine;
Ah, no! the heart to which I press thee
Has felt a deeper sting than thine!
Poor emblem of departed pleasure,
I view thee with a mournful eye!
Thy faded form I still will treasure—
It tells of bliss long since gone by.

QUIT NOT YET THE SHADY BOWER.

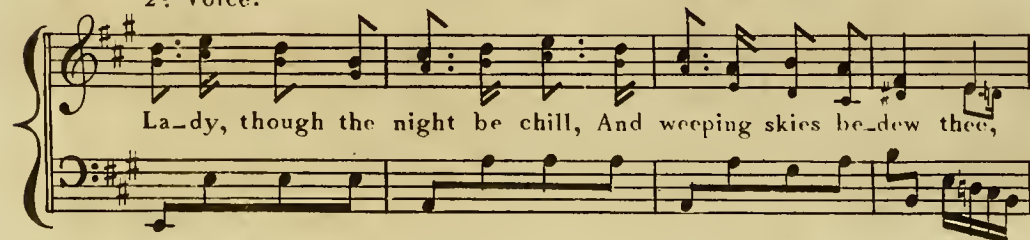
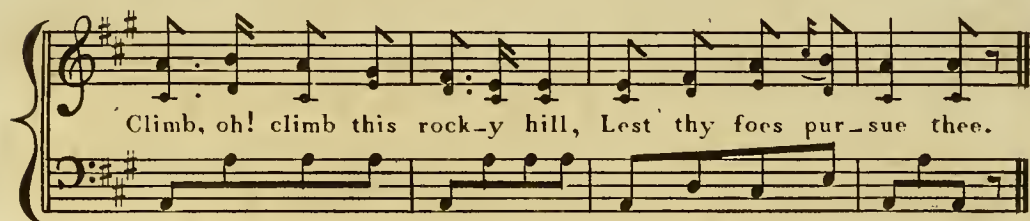
1st Voice.

Air— Mary, do you fancy me?

Mod: 



2^d Voice.

1st Voice — Cease, oh! cease, thou gentle youth,
Can my spirits fail me?

Shielded thus by love and truth,
How should fears assail me?

2^d Voice — Lady, since the fall of night,
Far have we been roaming;
Lady, ere the morning light,
Many a mile is coming.

1st Voice — Then the shady bower farewell —
Now the hill we're climbing;
May we reach the friar's cell
Ere the matin's chiming!

2^d Voice — Then the shady bower farewell —
Angels hover o'er us!
Soon we'll hear the convent bell,
Here's the path before us!

OPEN THY CASEMENT, LADY BRIGHT.

Air — The Snowy-breasted Pearl,

With
tender
Expression

Ope thy case-ment, La-dy bright, 'Tis thy lo-ver

calls; Pear-ly dews of night Now hang on the moss-cov-er'd

walls: Though dark is the night and the dews they are chill, Yet I

brave the rough blast from the hill — O la-dy, 'tis for thee!

Breathe one soft word, Lady bright,

To my 'raptur'd ear!

I will bless the night,

Though cold 'tis around me, and drear;

Oh! sweetly forgive me for chasing thy rest,

And the sigh of delight from my breast,

O lady, flies to thee!

THE MOON THROWS HER SHADOWY LIGHT.

Air — If the Sea were Ink.

Mod:

The moon throws her shadow-y light on the hill, And sil-vers the

grey-coated trees; Through the silence of night the soft sounds of the

rill Are borne on the wing of the breeze; O daughter of Cluthar, Thy

lover is here, He sits at the thorn on the heath; Ah where is the

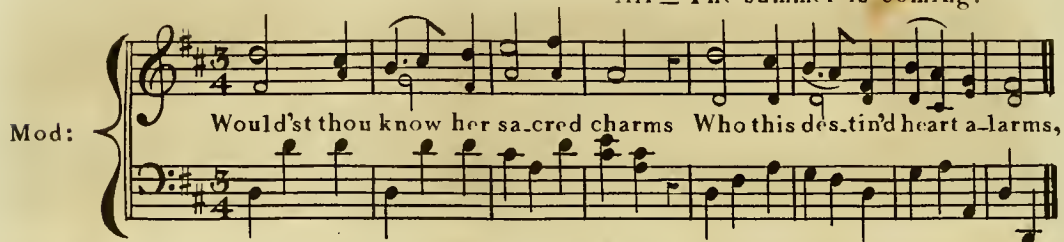
vow that enchanted his ear, That thou would'st be constant till death?

Sweet, sweet are the notes of the harp as they roll;
 From the hall of Nithona they rise;
 They come to speak peace to my sorrowing soul,
 And wipe the big drops from mine eyes;
 But despair to the dark brow of Connal is dear,
 He lists not to music's mild breath—
 Ah! where is the vow that enchanted his ear,
 That thou would'st be constant till death?

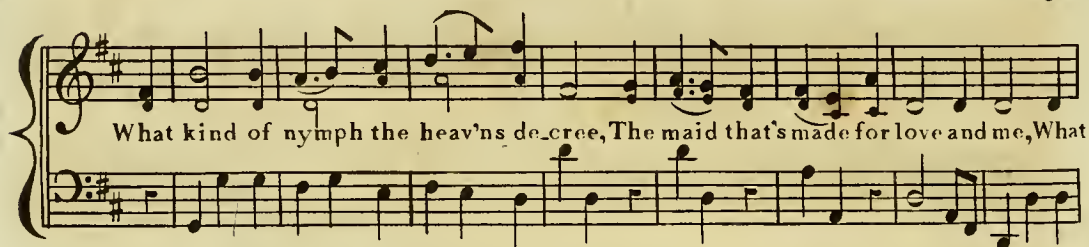
Whence, whence is that shadow that sails o'er the plain,
 'Neath the quivering beam of the moon?
 'Tis the white-bosom'd maid — I shall view her again,
 And love all our moments shall crown.
 O daughter of Cluthar, thy footstep is near,
 Lo! here is the thorn on the heath —
 Ah! blest was the vow that enchanted mine ear,
 That thou would'st be constant till death!

5
WOULD'ST THOU KNOW HER SACRED CHARMS.

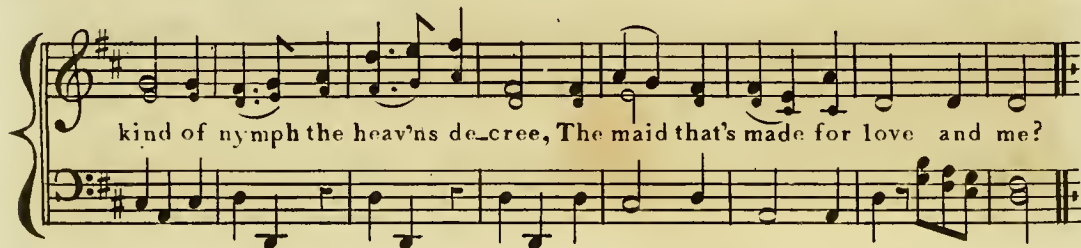
Air—The summer is coming.

Mod: 

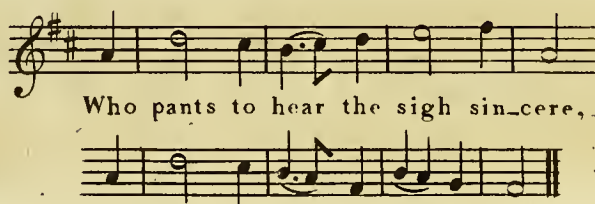
Would'st thou know her sa_cred charms Who this des_tin'd heart a_larms,



What kind of nymph the heav'n's de_cree, The maid that's made for love and me, What



kind of nymph the heav'n's de_cree, The maid that's made for love and me?



Who pants to hear the sigh sin_cere,

Who melts to see the tender tear,
From each ungentle passion free,
Such is the maid that's made for me.

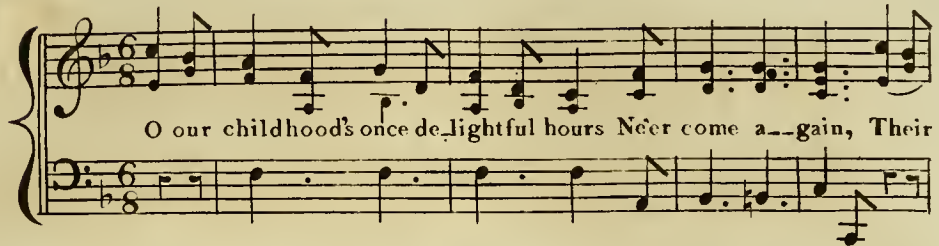
Who joys whene'er she sees me glad,
Who sorrows when she sees me sad,
For peace and me can pomp resign,
Such is the heart that's made for mine.

Whose soul with generous friendship glows,
Who feels the blessing she bestows,
Gentle to all, but kind to me,
Such be mine, if such there be!

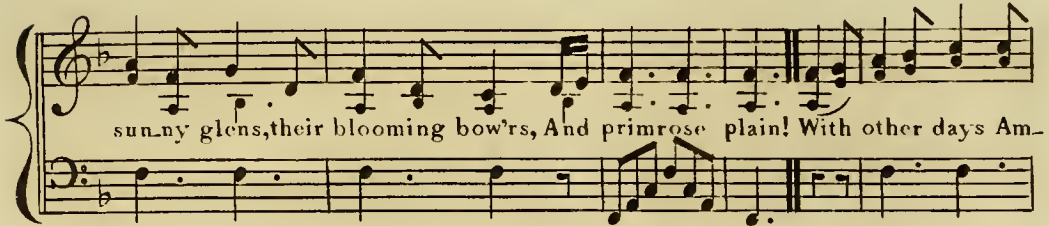
William Hamilton.

O OUR CHILDHOOD'S ONCE DELIGHTFUL HOURS.⁹

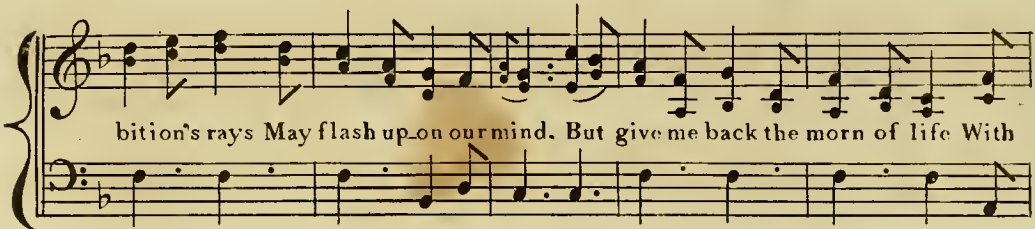
Air — The Old Woman.

Mod: 

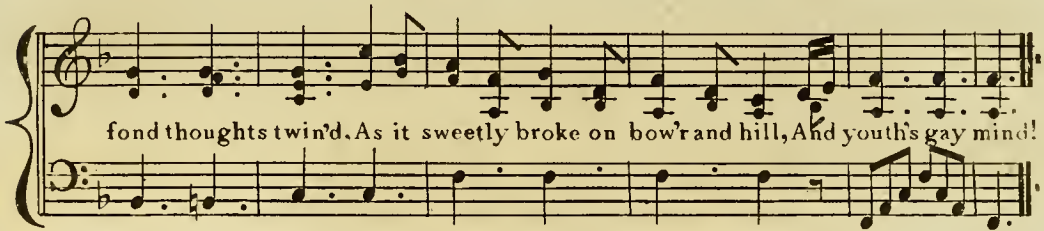
O our childhood's once delightful hours Ne'er come a--gain, Their



sun-ny glens, their blooming bow'rs, And primrose plain! With other days Am-



bition's rays May flash up on our mind. But give me back the morn of life With



fond thoughts twin'd, As it sweetly broke on bow'r and hill, And youth's gay mind!

O our childhood's days are ne'er forgot,	When age will come with locks of grey,
On life's dark sea;	To quench youth's spark,
And memory hails that sacred spot,	And its stream runs cold along the way,
Where'er we be.	Where all seems dark
It leaves all joys,	'Twill smiling gaze,
And fondly sighs,	As memory's blaze
As youth comes on the mind,	Breaks on its wavering mind,
And looks upon the morn of life,	But 'twill never bring the morn of life,
With fond thoughts twin'd,	With fond thoughts twin'd.
As it sweetly broke on bow'r and hill,	As it sweetly broke on bow'r and hill,
And youth's gay mind.	And youth's gay mind.

D. Weir.

ADIEU, MY LOV'D HARP.

Air — Lough Sheeling.

Slow.

A_dieu, my lov'd Harp! for no more shall the vale Re-ec-ho thy

notes as they float on the gale; No more melt-ing pi-ty shall

sigh o'er thy string, Or love to thy tremblings so tender-ly sing.

When battle's fell strife launch'd its thunders afar,
And valour's dark brow wore the honors of war,
'Twas thou breath'd the fame of the hero around,
And young emulation was wak'd by the sound.

Ye daughters of Erin, soon comes the sad day
When over the turf where I sleep, ye shall say—
"Oh! still is the song we repaid with a tear,
And silent the string that delighted the ear!"

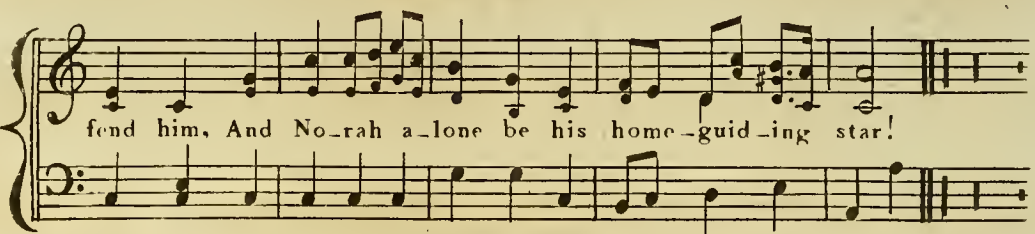
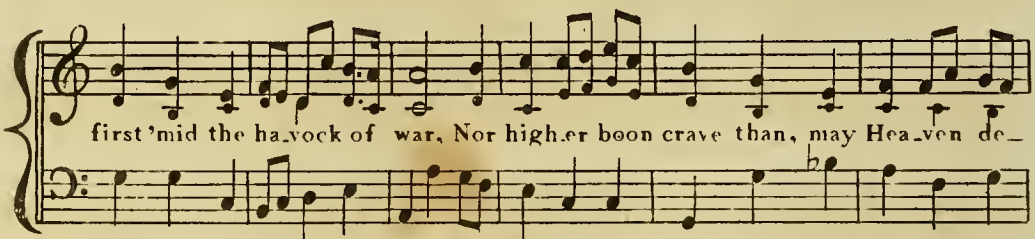
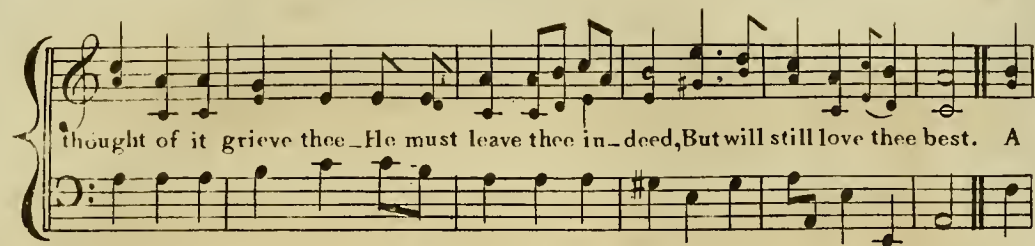
~~~~~\*~~~~~  
WHY WEEP THUS, DEAR NORAH.

Air — Crooghan a Venee.

Mod:

Why weep thus, dear No-rah? will Pa-trick de-ceive thee? Can,

dead to thy mer-its, his heart be un-blest? No; dear-est of maids, let no



But into what climate soever he wander,  
What fairy scenes tread in, what beauty may see,  
Though fortune her store of allurements should squander,  
His heart shall be changeless to Ireland and thee.  
Shall the flowery-brimm'd Shannon, sweet stream, cease to move me,  
With that homely clean cot where I've spent my best days,  
And Norah, far dearer than all that's there lovely,  
To crown the bright vision that fancy would raise?

If I fall, dearest maid, and thy love would condole me,  
As far from the lap of green Erin I lie,  
Let this pious thought, which I swear to, console thee —  
'Twill be Heaven and thou that divide my last sigh.  
Far better I augur: beside this pure fountain,  
To anchor my hopes on thy bosom of snow,  
While the broad sun of eve, as he dips by yon mountain,  
Shall oft leave us happy, and find us still so.



## O! 'TIS SWEET WHEN THE MOON.

Air—My Lodging is on the cold ground.

Tenderly.

O! 'tis sweet when the moon with its sil-ve-ry light, In its a-zure path

shines through the sky; And sheds all its glo-ry a-far, when the night Has

spread its dark mantle on high: It is then when the breezes blow soft on the

stream And the murmurs of night meet the ear, We de-light on the days of our

childhood to dream, And to think of the maid that is dear.

O! 'tis sweet! and who that has known can forget,  
 All the charms of the night's lovely hour,  
 When wand'ring that moment—perchance may have met  
 Her he lov'd in the moon-lighted bower?  
 Yes! that bower is remember'd wherever he goes,  
 And its moonlight can ne'er fade away;  
 In storm, and in sunshine, forever it glows,  
 And breaks through the brightness of day.

D. Weir.

# I GO NOT FORTH IN PRIDE OF MIGHT. 13

Air—Aghrim's departure.

With  
melancholy  
Expression.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The music is in a minor key, with a melancholic and expressive character.

I go not forth in pride of might, As war-ri-ors have gone, To  
com-bat for my country's right, But cheerless and a - lone: I  
see from fel-low-soldiers' eye No ray of va-lour gleam, Nor,  
flap-ping in the breeze on high, Do glorious stand-ards stream.

There is no fair one to confess  
The love she long conceal'd,  
And to the thrilling soft caress  
With maiden fondness yield:  
To steal a kiss with glowing lip,  
Since it may be the last,  
And when we part upon the ship  
A longing look to cast.

Yet, though that careth for me now  
No kindred heart there be,  
I love thee, O my Country!—thou  
Art all in all to me!  
But son of mine shall never tread  
By Erin's stream and vale,  
And, glorying as his father did,  
His native country hail.

O Erin! thou art fair and wide,  
And happy hearts hast thou;  
But none more true with thee abide  
Than his that leaves thee now.  
This soul of mine is desolate,  
This cheek of mine is dry,  
And onward to a wilder fate  
From hopelessness I fly.

R. Hogg.

## OF ALL THE SWEET DREAMS.

Air—The little and great mountain.

in Mod: time  
with  
Expression

Of all the sweet dreams that fan\_cy knows; Ere mornings' light at my

casement glows, Sweet maid, sweet maid, it is of thee, Sweet maid, it is of

thee. O I could dream of thee all the night, And think of thee still with

dawn of light, Sweet maid, sweet maid, so dear to me, Sweet maid, so dear to me.

Of all the sweet hours that o'er me flew,      Of all the blest hours I e'er enjoy,  
And many sweet hours this bosom knew,      It's when I look on that sparkling eye,  
Sweet maid, sweet maid, they were with thee.      Sweet maid, sweet maid, so dear to me.  
And how I've gaz'd on the golden sky,      And when I gaze 'tis rapture to feel  
Because the dear moonlight hour was nigh,      When a rosy kiss from that lip I steal,  
Sweet maid, sweet maid, to meet with thee.      Sweet maid, sweet maid, so dear to me.

D. Weir.

## THE MINSTREL BOY.

Air—The Moreen.

With  
Energy.

The Minstrel boy to the glen is gone, In its deepest dell you'll find



him, Where ec-hoes sing to his mu-sic's tone, And fairies listen be-hind him.

He sings of nature all in her prime, Of sweets that around him ho-ver, Of

mountain heath and of moorland thyme, And trifles that tell the lo-ver.

How wildly sweet is the minstrel's lay  
 Thro' cliffs and wild woods ringing!  
 For, ah! there is love to beckon his way,  
 And hope in the song he's singing.  
 The bard may indite and the minstrel sing,  
 And maidens may chorus it rarely;  
 But unless there be love in the heart within,  
 The ditty will charm but sparsely.

James Hogg.

### *SMILE THROUGH THY TEARS.*

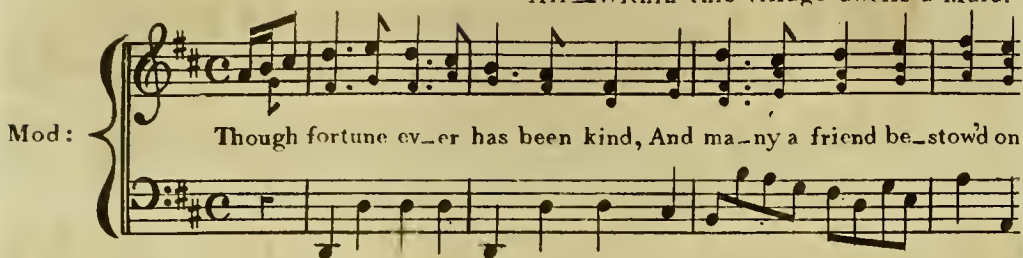
Same Air.

|                                                  |                                                |
|--------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|
| Smile thro' thy tears, like the blush moss rose, | Smile thro' thy tears, like the pale primrose, |
| When the warm rains fall around it;              | When the zephyrs play around it;               |
| Thy fond heart now may seek repose               | In me let thy trembling heart repose,          |
| From the rankling griefs that wound it:          | I will ward the sorrows that wound it.         |
| For a parent's loss the eyes may fill,           | 'Twere a futile wish such love to crave,       |
| And weep till the heart runs over;               | As warm'd thy maiden bosom;                    |
| But the pang is long and deeper still            | While Henry sleeps, where the alders wave      |
| That falls on the grave of a lover.              | O'er the night-shade's drooping blossom.       |

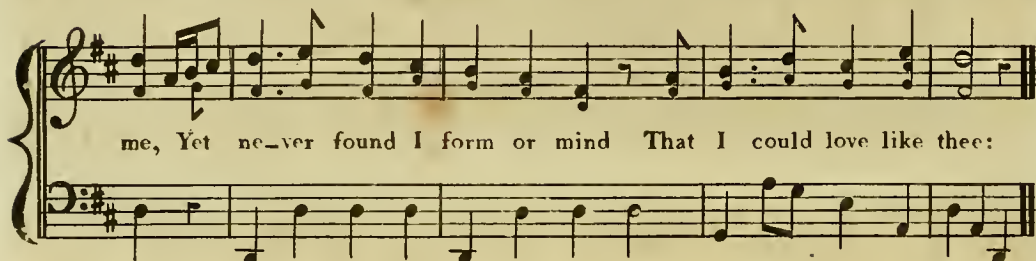
Thos. Lyt.

# THOUGH FORTUNE EVER HAS BEEN KIND.

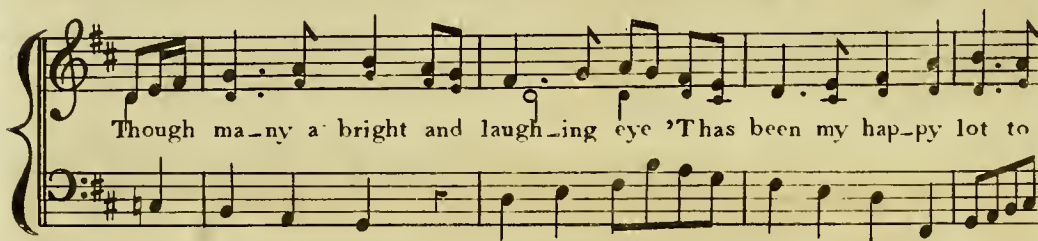
Air—Within this village dwells a Maid.

Mod: 

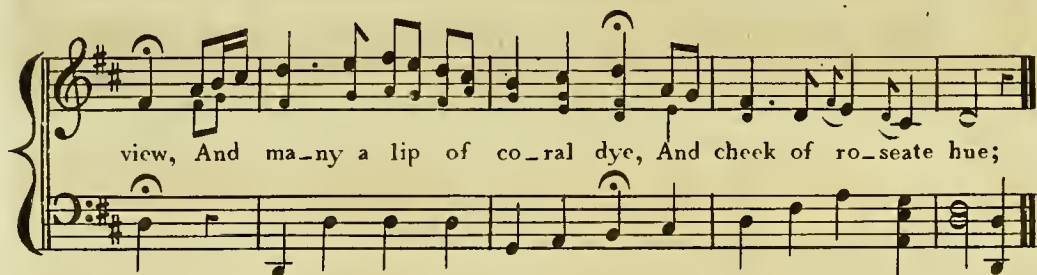
Though fortune ev\_er has been kind, And ma\_ny a friend be\_stow'd on



me, Yet ne\_ver found I form or mind That I could love like thee:



Though ma\_ny a bright and laugh\_ing eye 'Thas been my hap-py lot to



view, And ma\_ny a lip of co\_ral dye, And cheek of ro-seate hue;

Yet never never did I meet

A mind so pure, a heart so kind,

A breast so void of all deceit,

So warm\_yet so refin'd.

O, when in distant lands I roam,

Through many a clime, o'er many a sea,

My beating heart will wander home,

And rest its hopes on thee!



# HOW SWEET IN THE STILLNESS.

17

Air—Thamama Hulla.

Slowly.

How sweet in the stillness that sad-dens the eve, When

soft gleams the pale moon and soft-er the star, The tur-moil of

earth for a moment to leave, And cherish the thoughts that would

jour-ney a-far: From the present they wan-der, and set-tle at

last On the joys and the griefs of the years that are past.

It is sweet to remember the friends that were dear,  
 Who moulder in death, and are vanished away;  
 And to think, as we mourn, that a sigh and a tear  
 Shall mingle for us when departed as they;  
 For, ah! it were fearful to think when we die  
 That our loss would cost no one a tear or a sigh!

## I SOUGHT AT EVE THE MOONLIGHT BOWER.

Air—I wish I was on yonder hill.

Slowly  
with  
Feeling.

I sought at eve the moonlight bower, Where oft, in love's own happy

hour, I've sat and gaz'd on yon blue sky, And heard the stream-let passing by:—

But ah! how al-ter'd now Yon sky and stream-let seem to be, Since

care has deep-ly mark'd this brow, And grief has done its worst to me!

O! I could weep—as now I gaze  
On love's own bower, and flowery ways,  
To think of thee, beloved shade,  
So late in youth and health array'd.  
What would avail my tears?

Thy heart is cold, and o'er thy grave  
The tear-drop of the night appears,  
And flowers in mournful silence wave.

Beloved shade, if, at this hour,  
Thou comest near thy once-lov'd bower,  
Let not those tears, nor let those sighs,  
Disturb thee in thy native skies;  
But come in some sweet dream

To speak of peace, for in thy tomb  
My heart is laid, and there no beam  
Can break, its darkness to illumine.

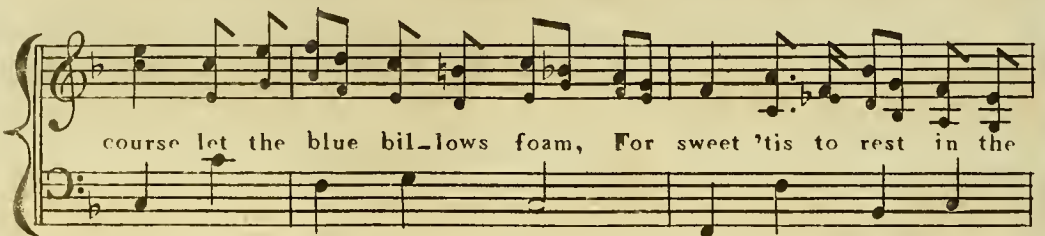
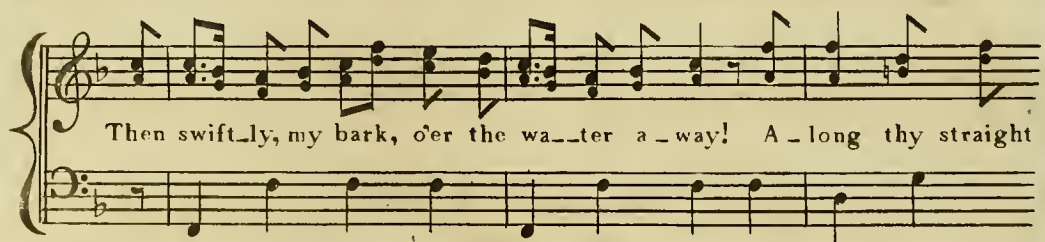
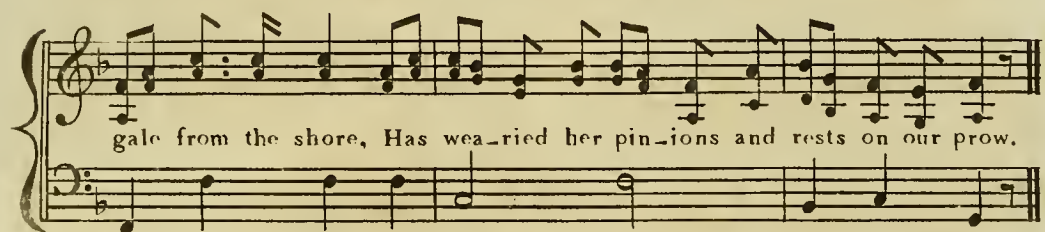
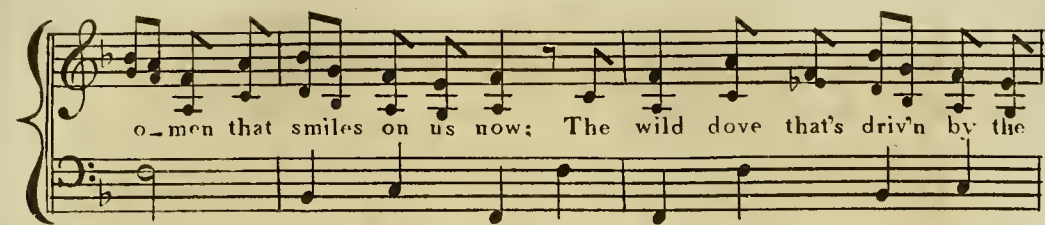
D. Weir.

## THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

Air—Moll Roone.

Cheerfully.

Ere morning, my bark, will thy jour-ney be o'er;—We welcome the



O'er my eyelids when slumber her witchery threw,  
 And weary and worn out I sank on the deck,  
 Methought to the arms of my Mary I flew,  
 And our little one kiss'd me and clung to my neck.  
 Then swiftly, my bark, o'er the waters away!  
 The curlew there measures our course through the air,  
 O sweet round my home spreads the calm smiling bay,  
 And kind is the heart that will welcome us there!



## THOSE STRAINS, THOSE STRAINS.

Air — The Coina, or Dirge.

- Slow.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked '- Slow.' The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Those strains, those strains, how lone they fall Up-on this  
 sear'd, this bro-ken heart! How ma-n-y scenes they now re-  
 call, That once could ev'-ry joy im-part! But they are  
 fled —and round me play The ai-ry shapes of former days, And men'ry  
 wakes but to dis-play One form on which I may not gaze.

Oh hush those chords —each tale they weave  
 Bids the big tear of anguish roll:  
 Minstrel! their liveliest strains but leave  
 A deeper sadness on my soul;  
 For long within this lonely breast  
 Has sorrow held her gloomy reign,  
 Till ev'ry feeling is at best  
 Ting'd with a darker shade of pain.

SWIFT FLY THE HOURS.

21

Air.—Open the door softly.

Lively

Swift fly the hours when, in youth's happy day, Love and wine wreath the

garland of pleasure; Mirth on our brow sheds its fostering ray, And

life is a bountiful treasure. Oh! swift fly the hours when, in

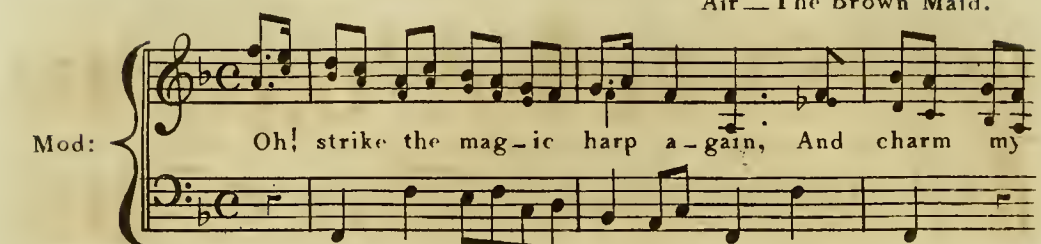
youth's happy day, Love and wine wreath the garland of pleasure.

Dear to our hearts is the magical chord  
 That vibrates to sympathy's finger;  
 Fondly we hang on a sigh, or a word,  
 And, 'raptur'd, by beauty we linger.  
 Oh! dear to our hearts is the magical chord  
 That vibrates to sympathy's finger.

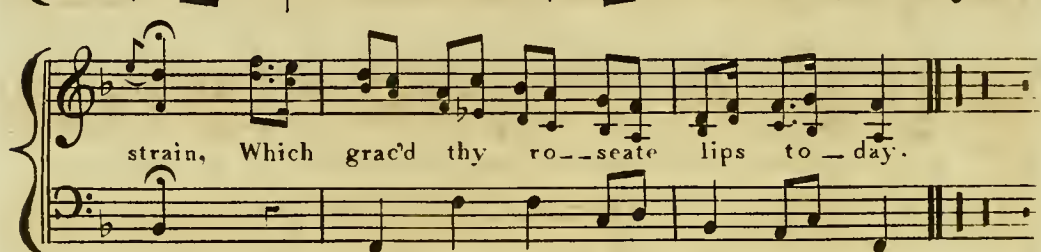
Sweet is the tune when in union of soul  
 Each cheek with a smile is enlighten'd;  
 Care flies abash'd from the vine-blushing bowl,  
 Each eye by good humour is brighten'd.  
 Oh! sweet is the tune when in union of soul  
 Each cheek with a smile is enlighten'd!

## OH! STRIKE THE MAGIC HARP AGAIN.

Air—The Brown Maid.

Mod:  Oh! strike the mag-ic harp a-gain, And charm my

 bo--som with thy lay; My ear yet drinks the mel-ting


 strain, Which grac'd thy ro--seate lips to-day.

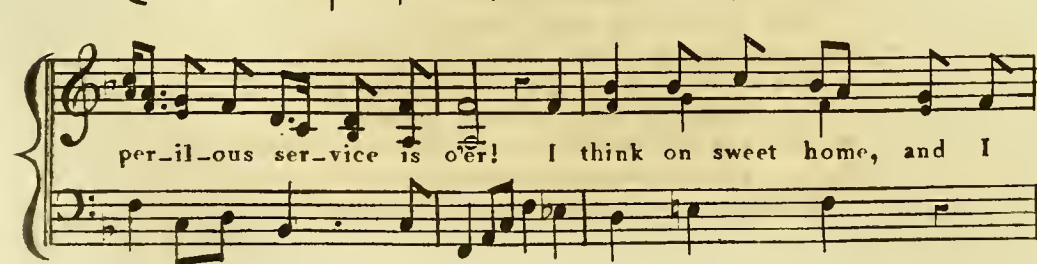
Come, lull my sorrows to repose,  
 With numbers such as angels sing,  
 And teach me to forget my woes,  
 By pouring rapture from the string!

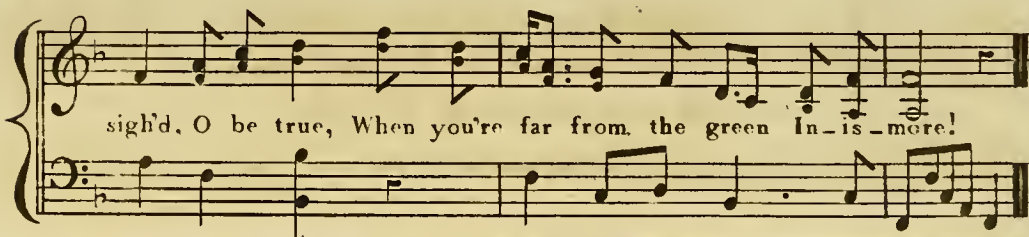
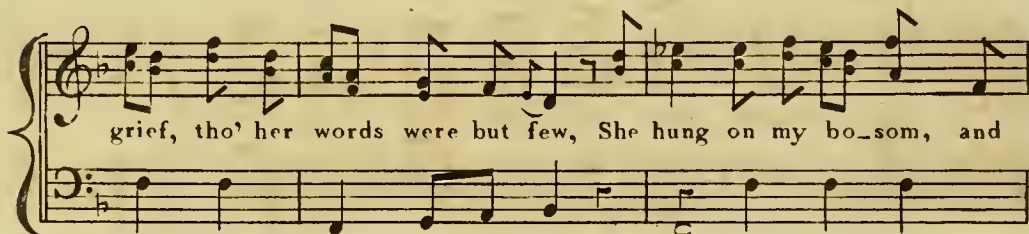
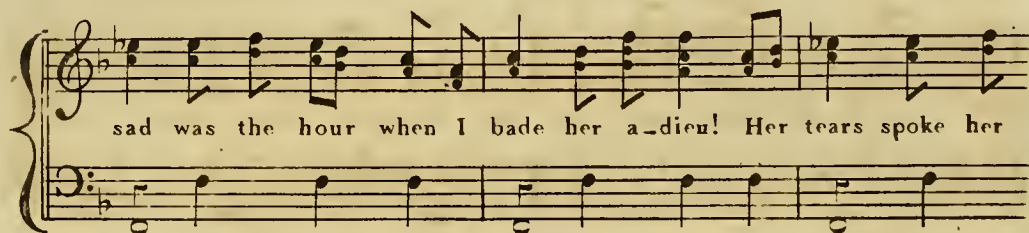
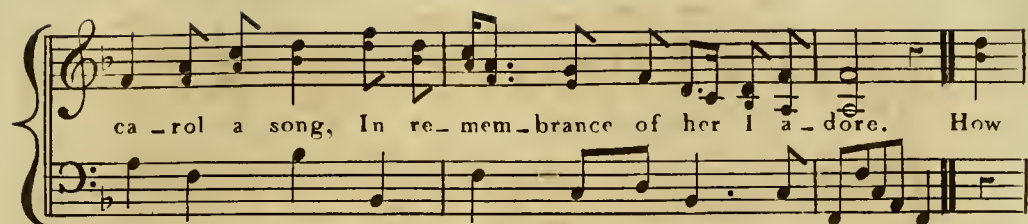
Mrs Wilson.

~~~~~\*~~~~~  
GREEN INISMORE.

Air—The Leitrim County.

Cheerfully  How light is my heart as I jour-ney a-long, Now my

 per-il-ous ser-vice is o'er! I think on sweet home, and I



Ah! Eveleen, my love! hadst thou seen this fond breast,
 How, at parting, it bled to its core,
 Thou hadst there seen thine image so deeply imprest,
 That thou ne'er couldst have doubted me more.
 For my king and my country undaunted I fought,
 And brav'd all the hardships of war as I ought,
 But the day never rose saw thee strange to my thought,
 Since I left thee in green Inismore.

Ye dear native mountains, that tow'r on my view,
 What joys to my mind ye restore!
 The past happy scenes of my life ye renew,
 And ye ne'er seem'd so charming before.
 In the rapture of fancy already I spy
 My kindred and friends crowding round me with joy,
 But my Eveleen, sweet girl, there's a far dearer tie
 Binds this heart to the green Inismore!

Tannahill.

AWAY, AWAY! IT CANNOT BE.

Air—The humming of the ban.

Mod:

Away, away! it cannot be,
 Since folly broke the golden chain
 That bound this faithful heart to thee,
 Which love can never bind again.
 What though we lov'd in sorrows day,
 When this was all the bliss we knew;
 In happier hours it fades away—
 False maid, false maid, a long adieu!

D. Weir.

GO WITH ME TO YONDER LAWN.

Air—Planxty Connor.

Lively

part-ing be-fore us, And the sun ris-ing o'er us, Our first vows of

love shall be spo - ken. When the new moon beam - eth, Glad all nature

seem - eth - Night - fall is still, But its deep gloom ill To lo - vers so

young would be - to - ken. Come then to yonder lawn, Ere day be past the dawn;

Pledge we our faith at that hour When clouds and darkness fly,

And no drear o - men nigh O - ver our hearts can have pow - er.

SINCE THOU, LOVELY MAIDEN.

Air—Mac Farlane's Lamentation.

Slowly.

Since thou, love-ly maiden, no longer wilt stay, But leave me un-

bles'd in thy ab-sence to mourn, Oh, tell me what pros-pect al-

lures thee a-way? And tell me, Oh! tell me, when thou wilt re-turn?

The hour of our parting my bosom alarms, —
 And when shall this bosom again be at rest?
 Sure he thus accustomed to doat on thy charms,
 Deprived of thy presence, can never be blessed!

When the wild blasts of winter blew waste o'er the hill,
 And withered the fair flowers that painted the plain,
 Oh, thou wert a flower that delighted me still,
 And I cared not how long till they blossomed again.

But now though the beauties of spring-time are come,
 These beauties can only bring sorrow to me,
 For my soul must remain in the depths of a gloom
 Even darker than winter, in absence of thee!

H. S. Riddell.

~~~~~\*~~~~~  
AH! SHEELAH, THOU'RT MY DARLING.

Air—Nancy Vernon.

Mod:

Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling, The golden im-age of my heart, How

cheerless seems this morning, It brings the hour when we must part; Tho'  
doom'd to cross the o-cean, And face the proud in-sul-ting foe, Thou  
hast my soul's de-vo-tion, My heart is thine wher-e'er I go; Ah!  
Sheelah, thou'rt my darling, My heart is thine wher-e'er I go.

When toss'd upon the billow,  
And angry tempests round me blow,  
Let not the gloomy willow  
O'ershade thy lovely lily brow;  
But mind the seaman's story,  
Sweet William and his charming Sue;  
I'll soon return with glory,  
And, like sweet William, wed thee too.  
Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,  
My heart is thine wher-e'er I go.

Think on our days of pleasure,  
While wand'ring by the Shannon side,  
When summer days gave leisure  
To stray amidst their flow'ry pride;  
And while thy faithful lover  
Is far upon the stormy main,  
Think, when the wars are over,  
These golden days shall come again;  
Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,  
These golden days shall come again.

Farewell, ye lofty mountains,  
Your flow'ry wilds we wont to rove;  
Ye woody glens and fountains,  
The dear retreats of mutual love.  
Alas! we now must sever —  
O! Sheelah, to thy vows be true!  
My heart is thine for ever —  
One fond embrace, and then adieu;  
Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,  
One fond embrace, and then adieu!

Tannahill.



## THERE WAS A TIME.

Air—Father Quin.

Slow.

There was a time when peace and joy Like i-vy round our mo-ments

clung; When love had ne-ver learn'd to sigh, But spoke as with a si-rens tongue:

And in those days of pure de-light, We ne-ver thought an hour like this Would

come, our hap-pi-ness to blight, And min-gle mis-ry with our bliss.

But, oh! my life, my love, forget  
 That such a dream your path had crost;  
 Forget the hour that e'er we met,  
 For honour, love, and life, are lost.  
 And, in this hour of dark distress,  
 Forgive me—this is all I crave;  
 Let that one word my bosom bless,  
 And pity tell it o'er my grave.

D. Weir.

It will readily be perceived that this song is almost a paraphrase of Emmet's letter to Miss Curran, a few hours before his execution. The melancholy fate of this young Gentleman, and the devoted love of the survivor, are but too well known to require note or comment.

O MINE BE A COTTAGE.

29

Air — The beardless boy.

In Mod:  
Time.

O mine be a cot-tage with-in the vale, Where a clear  
stream-let is flow-ing, Whilst a-round the frag-rant gale Sweet  
health from its wing is be-stow-ing. When mild-ly the hea-vens are  
beam-ing, And eve's pur-ple tin-ges are gleam-ing, Oft I'll  
list the pil-grims tale, And strew him a couch for his dream-ing.

Oh! sweetly the woodbine shall wind along,  
Blossoms each lattice adorning,  
Whilst the lark's melodious song  
Salutes the bright beam of the morning.  
Now tell me ye minions of pleasure,  
As night's lagging moments you measure,  
Can ye, 'midst the city throng,  
Bestow on your hearts such a treasure?



## OH! OPEN THE DOOR.

Air—Open the Door.

Slowly: Oh! o-pen the door, some pi-ty to shew, Oh! o-pen the door to me, Oh!

Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true, Oh! o-pen the door to me, Oh!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,  
 But cauldier thy love for me, Oh!  
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart,  
 Is nought to the pains frae thee, Oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,  
 And time is setting with me, Oh!  
 Fause friends, fause love, fareweel! for mair  
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,  
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh!  
 My true love! she cried, and sank down by his side,  
 Never to rise again, Oh!

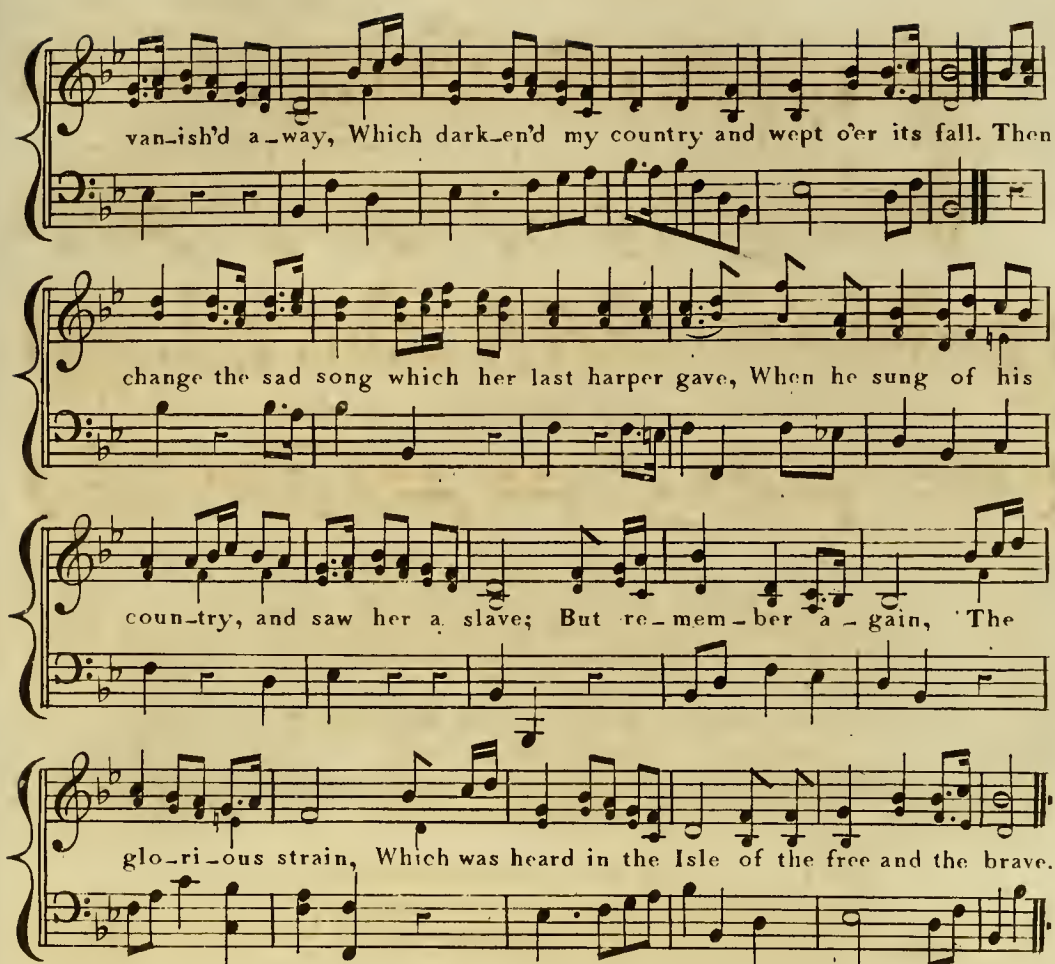
Burns.

~~~~~\*~~~~~  
AWAKE THE HARP'S SLUMBER.

Air—O save me from death.

Mod: A-wake the harp's slumber to pleasure's soft lay, For

si-lent it hangs in the des-o-late hall; The long night of sor-row has



van-ish'd a-way, Which dark-en'd my country and wept o'er its fall. Then

change the sad song which her last harper gave, When he sung of his

coun-try, and saw her a slave; But re-mem-ber a-gain, 'The

glo-ri-ous strain, Which was heard in the Isle of the free and the brave.

Then change the sad strain, and let gladness arise,
 Since the long night of sorrow and sighing is past,
 And welcome the light which has dawn'd in the skies,
 For the day-star of freedom has risen at last.
 And the eyes that have wept now smile in the ray,
 As they gaze on the beam of the opening day;
 They remember again,
 The glorious strain,
 Which was sung ere their liberty vanish'd away.

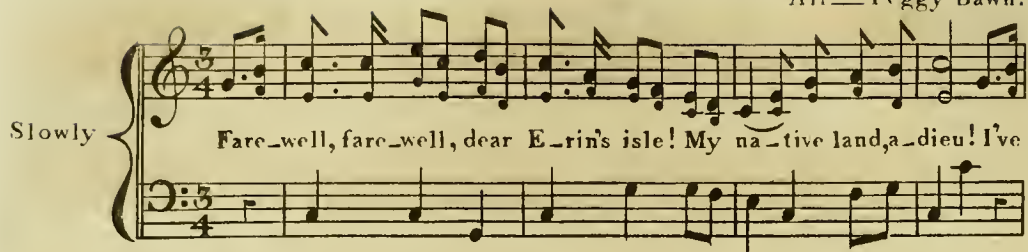
Awake the harp's slumber, the harp which has long
 Been as mute in the hall, as the Minstrel who gave
 A name to the harp, and awaken'd the song —
 The first happy song in the Isle of the brave.
 Like the bird of the morning that sings through the sky,
 And meets the bright sun as he rises on high;
 Oh! remember again,
 The glorious strain,
 And hail with its music the light that draws nigh.

D. Weir.

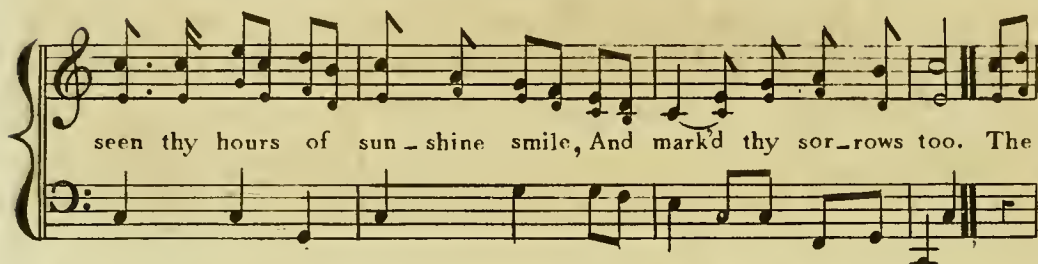
PEGGY BAWN.

Air—Peggy Bawn.

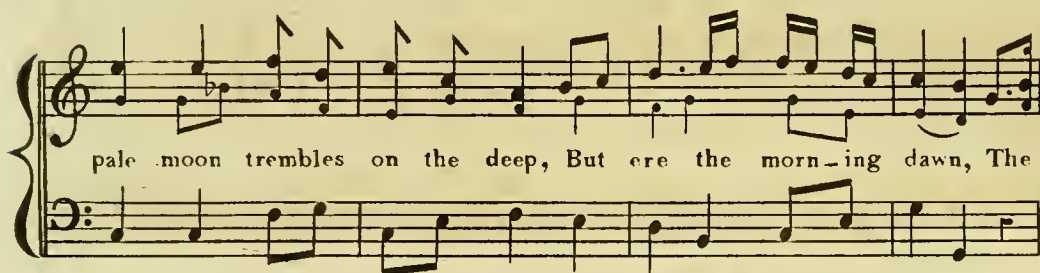
Slowly



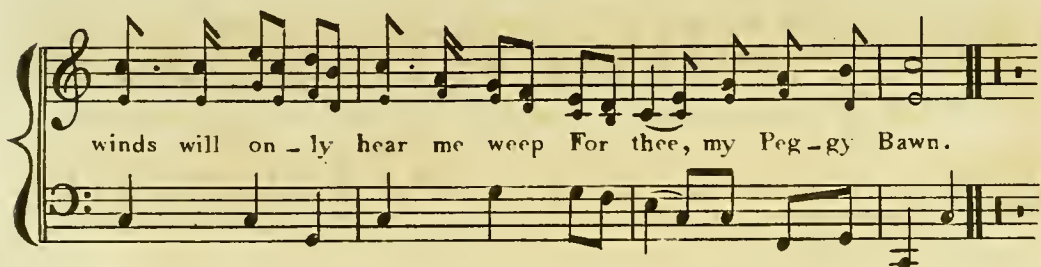
Fare_well, fare_well, dear E_rin's isle! My na_tive land, a_dieu! I've



seen thy hours of sun_shine smile, And mark'd thy sor_ows too. The



pale moon trembles on the deep, But ere the morn_ing dawn, The



winds will on_ly hear me weep For thee, my Peg_gy Bawn.

And though I haste beyond the sea,
 Where sweeter scenes may smile,
 My heart unchang'd will turn to thee,
 My own, my native Isle.
 But now a long, a kind farewell
 To mountain, grove, and lawn,
 While tears alone my parting tell
 From thee, my Peggy Bawn.

D. Weir.

AH! CHIDE ME NOT.

33

Air — The lonely branch.

Slow and
Tenderly.

Ah! chide me not, that o'er my cheek No tears of si-lent sor-row

steal, Nor deem the ar-dent pas-sion weak, My bo-som long has learnt to feel.

No words my secret flamere-veal, No sighs the tale of love im-part; Yet

looks of outward peace con-ceal The sadness of a bursting heart.

Yet do not blame me, if a while
I wear the semblance of repose,
And woo a fleeting summer smile,
To gild the darkness of my woes;
Oh! 'tis the lingering ray that throws
O'er the dim vale a blaze of light,
And, bright in parting splendour, glows
The herald of a cheerless night.

HARMONY.

Air — The Maid of Killala.

Mod:
with
Feeling.

The si-lent moon that cheers the night, The stars that twin-kle on the

sight, The flowery brake, the spreading tree, In-vite my soul to har-mo-ny.

The curling wave that gently flows,
The zephyr's breath that softly blows,
The river winding to the sea,
Invite my soul to harmony.

The murmuring stream that glides along,
The bird that warbles nature's song,
The mountain towering to the sky,
Invite my soul to harmony.

The verdant hills clad o'er with sheep,
The distant sails upon the deep,
The sky around, and all I see,
Invite my soul to harmony.

The beauty of the female face,
The mind, the form, the easy grace,
The modest smile, and sparkling eye,
Invite my soul to harmony.

Robt Wight.

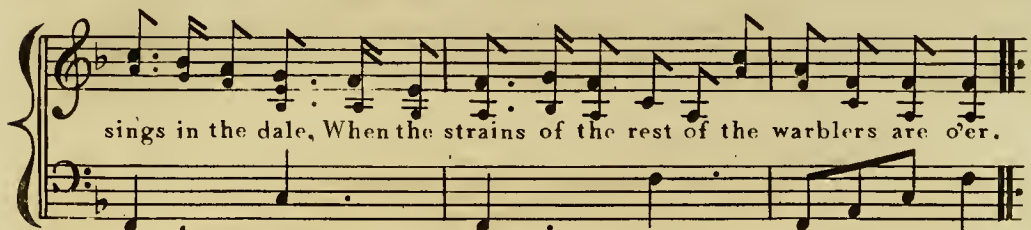
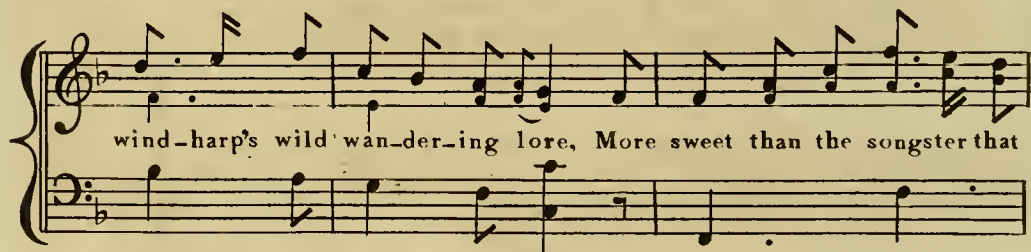
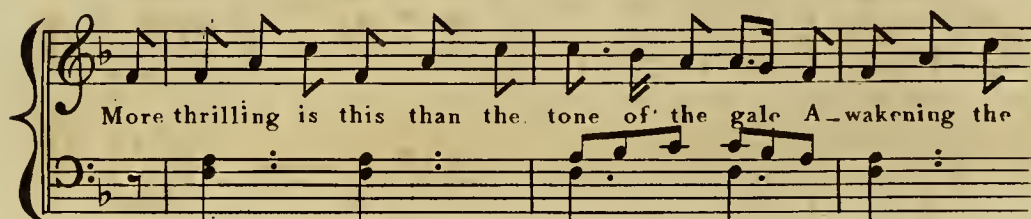
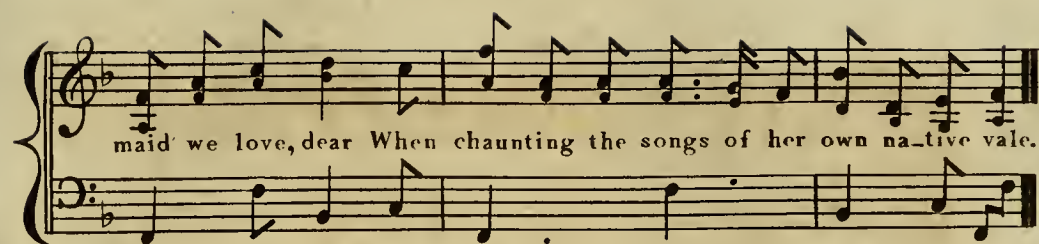
~~~~~\*~~~~~  
OH, TELL ME WHAT SOUND.

Air — Paddy's resource.

Mod:

Oh, tell me what sound is the sweetest to hear, The sound that can

most o'er our be-ing pre-vail? 'Tis the soft melt-ing voice of the



Oh, tell me what light, of the earth or the sky,  
 Can the deepest delight to the spirit impart?  
 'Tis the bright beaming radiance that lives in the eye  
 Of the maid that affection has bound to our heart.  
 More charming is this than the glory of art,  
 More lovely than rays from yon bright worlds above:  
 It heightens each joy, as it soothes every smart,  
 Enchanting our souls with the magic of love.

Oh, tell me what drop is most melting and meek  
 That aught 'neath the azure of heaven can share?  
 'Tis the tear-drop that falls from the dear maiden's cheek,  
 When she breathes o'er her lover her sigh and her prayer.  
 More tender is this, more celestial and fair,  
 Than the dew-drop that springs from the chamber of morn,  
 A balm that still softens the ranklings of care —  
 That heals every wound that our bosom hath borne.

H. S. Riddell.

## IT IS NOT IN THY POWER, FAIR MAID.

Air—The fair Woman.

Mod:

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is accompanied by a bass line on a bass clef staff. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

It is not in thy power, fair maid, To frown; when'er thou tri-  
est, Well I can see, be-neath thy frown Lurk smiles, the sweetest, sly-est.  
Thy heart can on-ly cherish love, Such love that nought can shake it; Be-  
tray-ing could not make it hate, Un-kind-ness soon would break it.

But thou shalt smile, my dearest maid,

No ills like these await thee:

For I can give thee cause to hate

No more than thou canst hate me.

And never think to frown, fair maid;

Thou canst not; when thou triest,

Well I can see, beneath thy frown

Lurk smiles, the sweetest, slyest.

R. Hogg.

*SHEPHERDS, I HAVE LOST MY LOVE.*

Air — Banks of Banna.

Slowly.

Shepherds, I have lost my love, Have you seen my An-na,

Pride of ev-ry sha-dy grove, Up-on the banks of Ban-na?

I for her my home for-sook, Near yon mis-ty moun-tain,

Left my flock, my pipe, my crook, The green-wood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,

Untill her returning,

All the joys of life are o'er,

From gladness chang'd to mourning:

Whither is my charmer flown,

Shepherds, tell me whither?

Ah! woe for me! perhaps she's gone,

Forever and forever.



## SHEELAH IN SORROW.

Air—Phelim O Neale.

In Mod: Time.

"Ah! Sheelah in sor-row! What is it my dear? My ca-bin is

rea-dy, And full of good cheer; Our friends are in-vit-ed, And

now on their way, And the Par-son will join us, And bless us to-day."

"I cannot be happy,  
Oh! how can I be?  
My Father's so cruel  
To Mother and me.  
She gave me some trifle,  
And what did he say?—  
She would sure give me all  
Ere she got me away."

"Oh! Sheelah, my jewel,  
Be good as you're fair—  
They are ailing and old,  
They have little to spare;  
We are healthy and young,  
We are loving and true,  
And their blessing is all  
That I wish for with you?"

Alex! Laing.

## O WERE I AWAY.

Air—The Sixpence.

Mod:

Oh! were I a-way in the wilds of yon glen, And thou, love-ly

maid-en, to cheer me, A-way, far a-way from the dwell-ings of men, Dark  
 sor-row no more could come near me: The smile of thy face, and the  
 beam of thine eye, And the love of that bo-som so ten-der, Such bliss as but  
 lives in the bow'rs of the sky To my heart and my be-ing could ren-der.

And still, as we strayed nature's solitudes through,  
 Would I gather each wild opening blossom,  
 To braid the fair ringlets that wave o'er thy brow,  
 And garland thy white-heaving bosom:  
 On our way by the moorland, the rock, and the stream,  
 Would the care of this spirit be o'er thee;  
 Oh! the world to me as a shadow would seem,  
 While I lived, only lived to adore thee!

The tear-drop is pure that the fond lover weeps,  
 When hopes long-departed awaken,  
 The moonbeam is bright on the heath-flower that sleeps,  
 When clouds have the welkin forsaken;  
 But thine eye is more bright, and thy spirit more pure—  
 Oh! though we have lived thus to sever,  
 Thine image of loveliness still must allure,  
 Must live on my memory for ever!

H. S. Riddell.

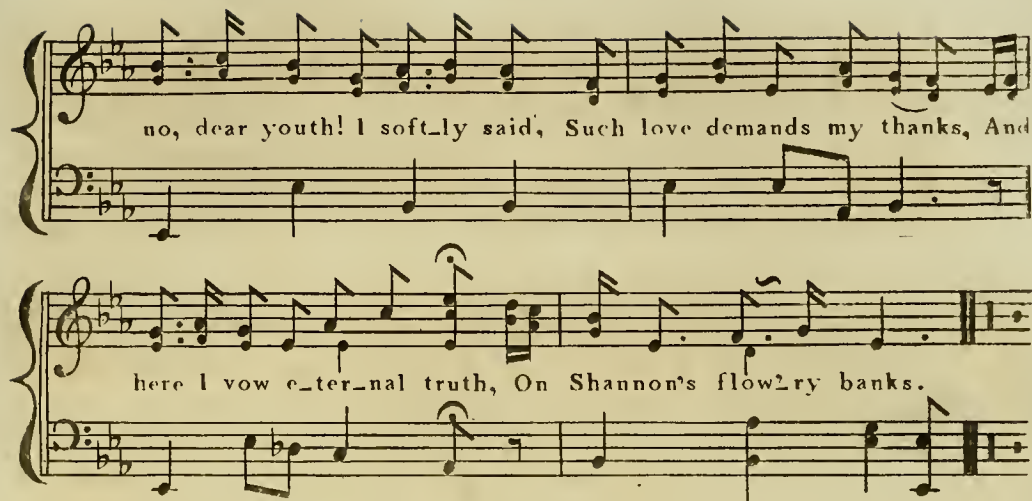
## IN SUMMER, WHEN THE LEAVES WERE GREEN.

Air—The Banks of the Shannon.

Mod:

The musical score is written for a piano accompaniment, featuring a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words underlined to indicate emphasis or phrasing. The score consists of six systems of music, each with a pair of staves. The lyrics are as follows:

In summer, when the leaves were green, And blossoms deck'd each  
 tree, Young Teddy then declar'd his love, His artless love, to me: On  
 Shannon's flow'ry banks we sat, And there he told his tale; O  
 Pat-ty, soft-est of thy sex, Oh, let fond love pre-vail! Ah  
 well-a-day! you see me pine In sorrow and de-spair, Yet  
 heed me not; then let me die, And end my grief and care. Ah



And then we vow'd eternal truth,  
On Shannon's flow'ry banks,  
And then we gather'd sweetest flow'rs,  
And play'd such artless pranks:  
But, woe is me! the press-gang came,  
And forc'd my Ned away,  
Just when we nam'd next morning fair  
To be our wedding-day.

My love, he' cried, they force me hence,  
But still my heart is thine;  
All peace be yours, my gentle Pat,  
While war and toil are mine!  
With riches I'll return to thee.  
I sobb'd out words of thanks,  
And then we vow'd eternal truth,  
On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And then we vow'd eternal truth,  
On Shannon's flow'ry banks,  
And then I saw him sail away,  
And join the hostile ranks.  
From morn to eve, for twelve dull months,  
His absence sad I mourn'd;  
The peace was made, the ship came back,  
But Teddy ne'er return'd.

His beauteous face and manly form  
Have won a nobler fair;  
My Teddy's false, and I, forlorn,  
Must die in sad despair.  
Ye gentle maidens, see me laid,  
While you stand round in ranks,  
And plant a willow o'er my head,  
On Shannon's flow'ry banks.



## OH! WHERE HAS THE EXILE HIS HOME?

Air—Alas! for poor Teddy Macshane.

Slowly  
with  
Expression

Oh! where has the Ex-ile his home? Oh! where has the

Ex-ile his home? Where the mountain is steep, Where the

val-ley is deep, Where the waves of the O-hi-o foam; Where

no cheering smile His woes may beguile—Oh! there has the Ex-ile his home.

Oh! when will the Exile return?  
 Oh! when will the Exile return?  
 When our hearts heave no sigh,  
 When our tears shall be dry,  
 When Erin no longer shall mourn;  
 When his name we disown,  
 When his mem'ry is gone—  
 Oh! then will the Exile return!

Alex! Laing.

## ONE NIGHT IN MY YOUTH.

Air—The Lass that wears green.

Lively.

One night in my youth, as I rovd with my mer-ry pipe,

List'ning the ec-hoes that rang to the tune, I met Kit-ty More, 'with her

two lips so cher-ry ripe; Phe-lim, says she, give us Ellen Aroon. Dear

Kit-ty, says I, thou'rt so charm-ing-ly free! Now, if thou wilt

deign thy sweet voice to the measure, 'Twill make all the ec-hoes run

gid-dy with pleasure, For none in fair E-rin can sing it like thee.

My chanter I plied, with my heart beating gaily,  
 I pip'd up the strain, while so sweetly she sung,  
 The soft melting melody fill'd all the valley,  
 The green woods around us in harmony rung.  
 Methought that she verily charm'd up the moon!  
 Now, still, as I wander in village or city,  
 When good people call for some favourite ditty,  
 I give them sweet Kitty, and Ellen Aroon.

Tannahill.

## OH! HUSH, MY DEAR BABY.

Air—The Lady of the desert.

Slowly.

Oh! hush, my dear ba-by, I'll kiss off that

tear; It grieves me the voice of thy mourn-ing to hear.

Though sor-row has cloud-ed the morn of my joy, Oh

why is the tear-drop so soon in thine eye?

Thy father was tender, thy father was kind,  
His last look at parting will ne'er leave my mind;  
For they've made him a grave, far far o'er the sea,  
No more to return to my baby or me.

Oh! hush, my dear baby, lie still on my breast,  
And I'll sing thee a song, to lull thee to rest;  
I'll sit by thy cradle, I'll watch o'er thy sleep;  
And, oh! lovely baby, why, why should'st thou weep?

Thy mother may weep, and thy mother may sigh;  
But let peace, and let happiness beam in thine eye,  
For the joy of my heart is far o'er the sea,  
No more to return to my baby or me.

D. Weir.



# THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

45

Air — The Humours of Glen.

In Mod;  
Time.

Their groves o' sweet myrtle, let foreign lands reck-on, Where bright beam-ing

summers ex-hale their perfume; Far dear-er to me yon lone glen o' greenbracken, Wi' the

burn steal-ing un-der the lang yel-low broom: Far dear-er to me yon hum-ble broom

bowers, Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen: For there, lightly tripping a-

-mang the wild flow-ers, A-list' ning the lin-net, aft wand-ers my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze, in their gay sunny valleys,  
And could Caledonia's blast on the wave;  
Their sweet-scented woodlands, that skirt the proud palace,  
What are they? the haunt o' the tyrant and slave.  
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,  
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain:  
He wanders as free as the wind on his mountains,  
Save love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean.

Burns.



## THE BONNIE BLUE FORGET-ME-NOT.

Air—The Maid of Derby.

Mod:

O tell me a flower in the garden or wild,  
So modest, and so peerless, as summer's fair child;  
Not a brighter floweret blows —  
Even the blush Celestial rose,  
Must yield to the bonnie blue forget-me-not.

By the cress-cover'd fountain, where its sparkling waters run,  
Thy azure star with golden breast is smiling to the sun,  
While the violets that bloom  
Round the fane at beauty's tomb,  
Are gemm'd with the bonnie blue forget-me-not.

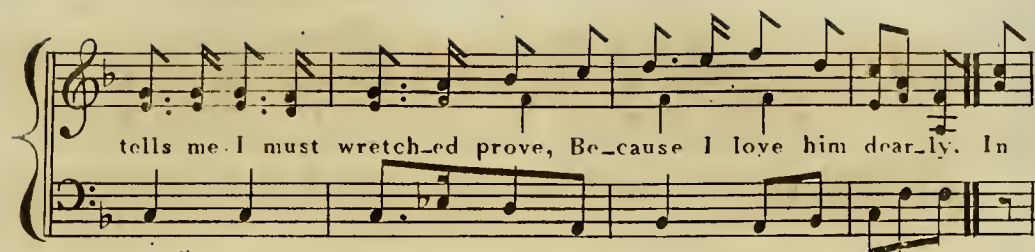
Dearest emblem of friendship, thou beauty of the grove!  
Thy pale blue eye like my Laura's beams with love;  
And when Laura courts the shade,  
Whisper softly to the maid,  
That thy name, lovely flower! is forget-me-not.

Thomas Lyle.

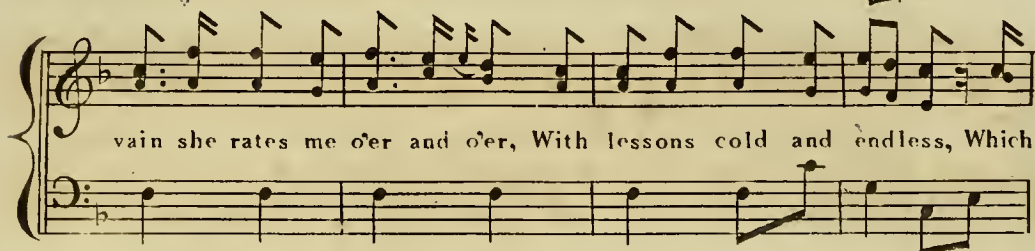
## O MIGHT I BUT MY PATRICK LOVE.

Air—O Patrick, fly from me.

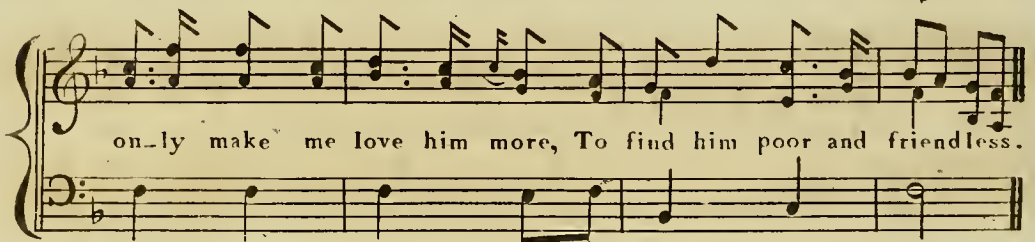
With  
Simplicity



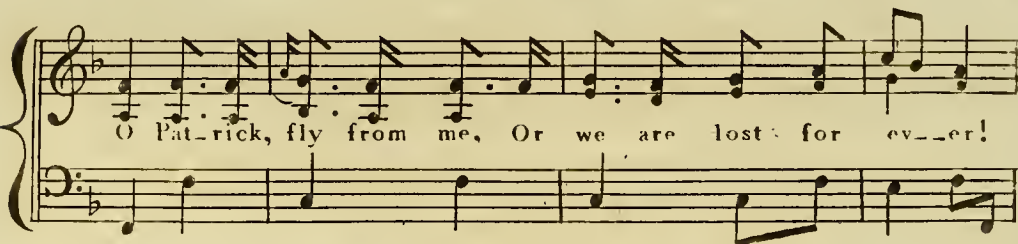
tells me I must wretch-ed prove, Be-cause I love him dear-ly. In



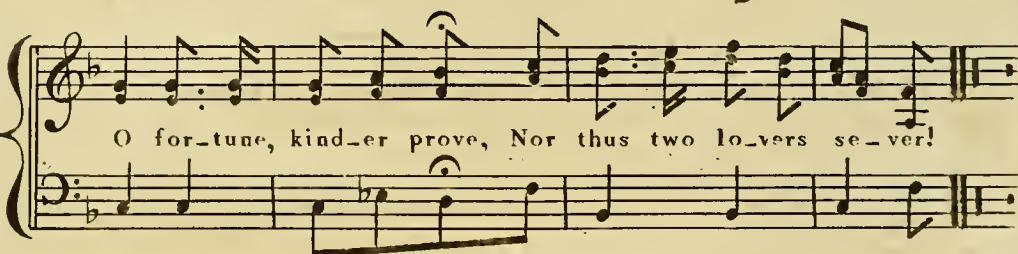
vain she rates me o'er and o'er, With lessons cold and endless, Which



on-ly make me love him more, To find him poor and friendless.



O Pat-rick, fly from me, Or we are lost: for ev-er!



O for-tune, kind-er prove, Nor thus two lo-vers se-ver!

And then my Patrick says to me,  
 In truth he has not riches;  
 That true love is but seldom priz'd  
 By those whom gold bewitches.  
 He tells me, he enough can earn,  
 And that I need not fear it,  
 That scanty stores should serve his turn.  
 If I would only share it.  
 O Patrick, fly from me, &c.

He tells me when the bosom's warm,  
 We mock the storm that's blowing;  
 That honest hearts need fear no harm,  
 Though hard the world is going;  
 He tells me; but ah, me! I fear,  
 I will from duty falter:—  
 I wish he could as soon persuade  
 The mother—as the daughter.  
 O Patrick, fly from me, &c.

## ON A GREEN BANK.

Air— Tell me dear Eveleen.

Slow.

On a green bank gentle Ma-ry was seat-ed, Night's gloomy mantle was

curtain'd a-round, And soft-ly each note list'ning ec-ho re-peat-ed,

As she breath'd the mel-ting sound. Oh! sweet-est hope, thou art my

treas-ure, with a tear I look to thee! Heigh ho! a fare-well to

pleas-ure, Till my Lov-er re- turns to me!

Chill fell the dews, and the night it was dreary,  
Wildly the wind from the mountain now rovd;  
The dews and the wind were unheeded by Mary,  
She thought but of him she lov'd:

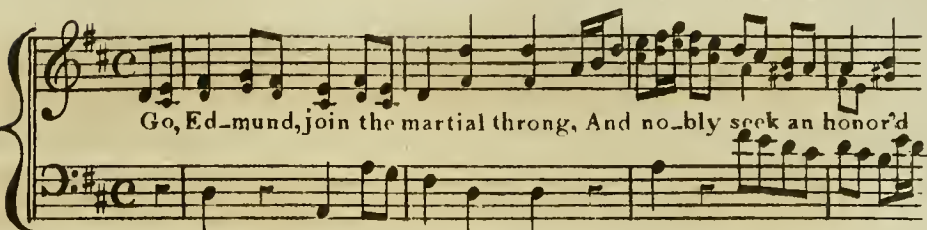
Again she sung, "Thou art my treasure,  
Oh! sweet hope, I look to thee!  
Heigh ho! a farewell to pleasure,  
Till my Edmund returns to me!"



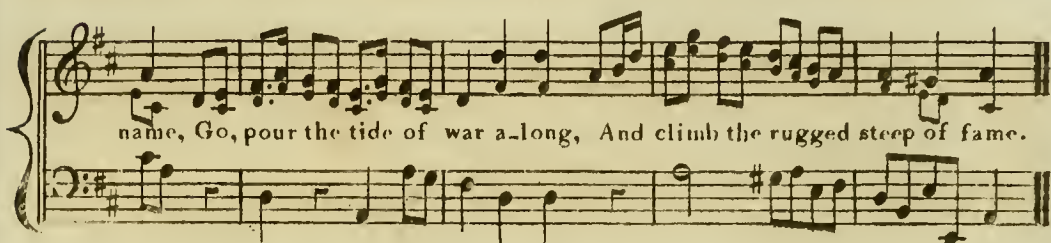
49

GO, EDMUND, JOIN THE MARTIAL THRO'G.

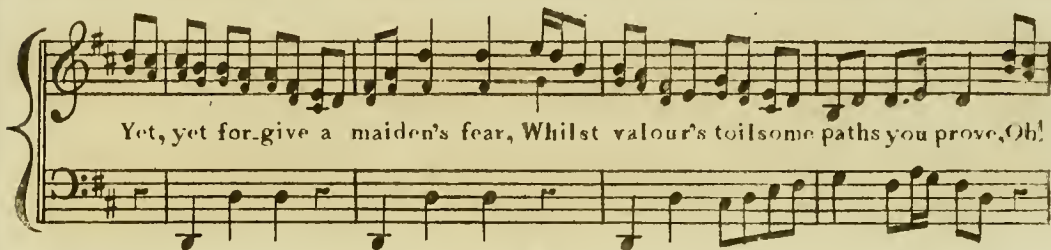
Air — The little Harvest rose.

Mod: 

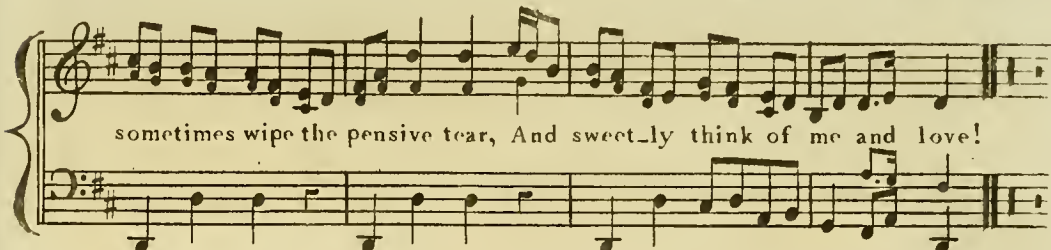
Go, Ed-mund, join the martial throng, And no-bly seek an honor'd



name, Go, pour the tide of war a-long, And climb the rugged steep of fame.



Yet, yet for-give a maiden's fear, Whilst valour's toilsome paths you prove, Oh!



sometimes wipe the pensive tear, And sweet-ly think of me and love!

On Erin's sod you drew your breath,  
 From her you caught the patriot glow,  
 Whose children spurn the thoughts of death,  
 And foremost meet the daring foe;  
 Yet whilst with pride you scorn to fly,  
 Or from the brow of battle move,  
 Oh! sometimes breathe the tender sigh,  
 And dearly think of me and love!

Should Fate your early fall decree,  
 Far, far from Erin's parent shore,  
 Where ne'er my doating eyes might see  
 Those looks of manly beauty more;  
 To Heav'n shou'd rise the fervent pray'r,  
 To meet in lasting bliss above,  
 Within my breast the wound I'd bear,  
 And meekly die for you and love.



50  
WHEN SORROW LEFT HER NATIVE SPHERE.

Air—The brown thorn.

Slowly.

When sorrow left her native sphere, To seek a home where she might

dwell, For many a day she hover'd near Where Erin's waters swell: But

could not think an isle so sweet Would be the land she wish'd to meet:

And while she gaz'd from o'er the deep,  
She heard her blue-ey'd daughters sigh,  
And saw their children born to weep,  
But oh! she knew not why.  
This, this, she said, 's the home for me,  
Unhappy Island of the sea!

D. Weir.

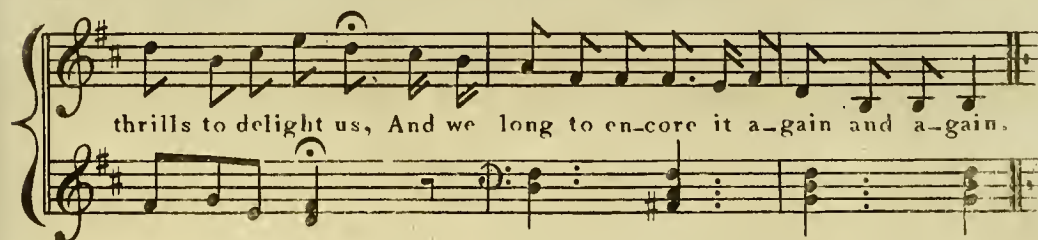
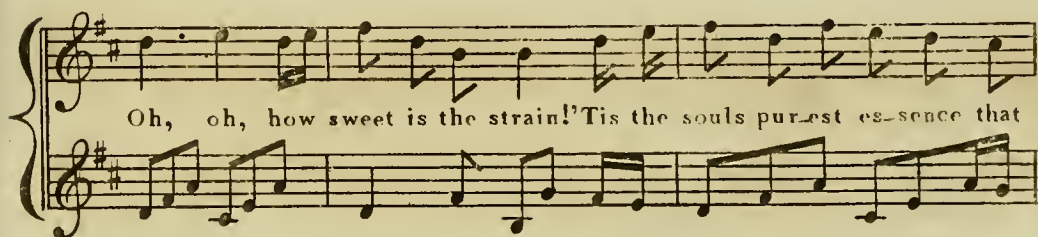
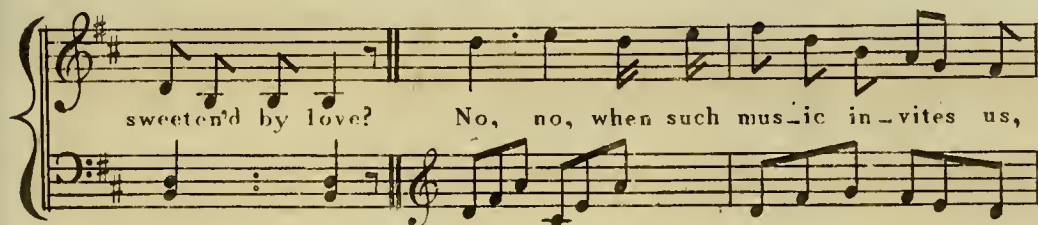
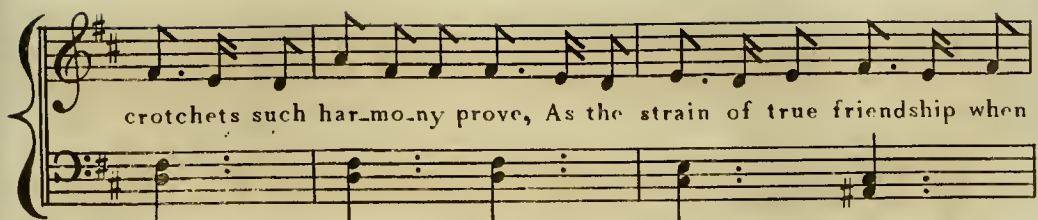
NATURE AND MELODY.

Air—Johnny MacGill.

Cheerfully

What sounds can compare with the joys we impart When the

sweet voice of nature comes warm from the heart, Can your minims or



Then why from Italia her squallers invite,  
 When our own native strains are so form'd to delight?  
 Here nature and melody walk hand in hand,  
 And discord ne'er blew her harsh trump o'er our land.  
 No, no, when such music assails us,  
 Oh, oh, how fruitless the strain!  
 If the heart cannot feel, the sound nought avails us,  
 We ne'er long to encore it again and again.

How sweet floats the song when the subject's reveal'd,  
 Nor in shakes nor in graces its moral conceal'd!  
 But when science the thoughts of the poet-controul,  
 The notes may surprize, but untouch'd is the soul.  
 No, no, when such music assails us,  
 Oh, oh, how fruitless the strain!  
 If the heart cannot feel, the sound nought avails us,  
 We ne'er long to encore it again and again.

## IT WAS A SUMMER EV'NING.

Air — Sly Patrick.

Slow.

It was a summer ev'ning, And like the present scene, When last I

met my Ma-ry, A-mong the woodlands green. And I will aye re-mem-ber, While

memory shall re-main, The pleasure of that ev'ning, That cannot be a-gain.

The dews that now are falling  
The morning shall exhale;  
The wild flow'rs that are closing  
Shall open to the gale;  
The sun that now is setting  
Shall light another day,  
But Mary is departed  
For ever and for aye.

The beauties of the morning  
Shall many a heart delight,  
While ev'ry favorite object  
Is happy in their sight;  
But he whose hopes are vanish'd,  
Whose spirit is forlorn,  
Longs for that starless ev'ning  
That never knows a morn.

Knox.

## THE MOON DIMM'D HER BEAMS.

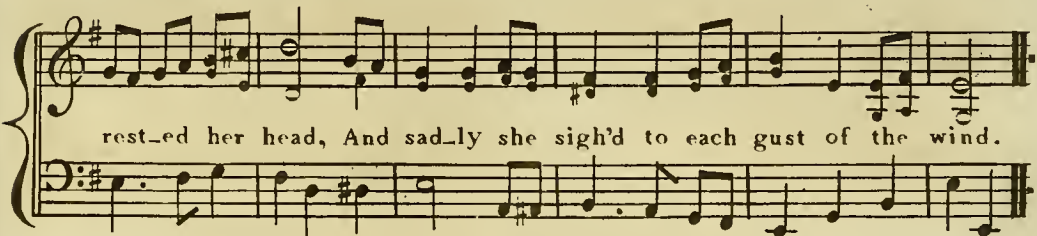
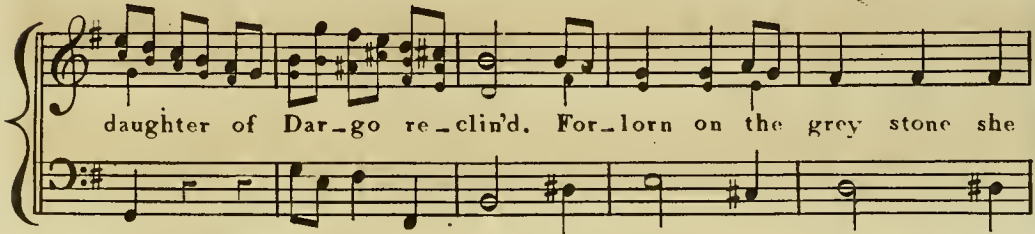
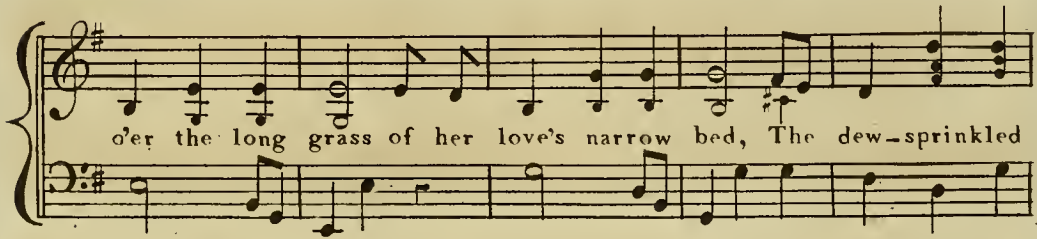
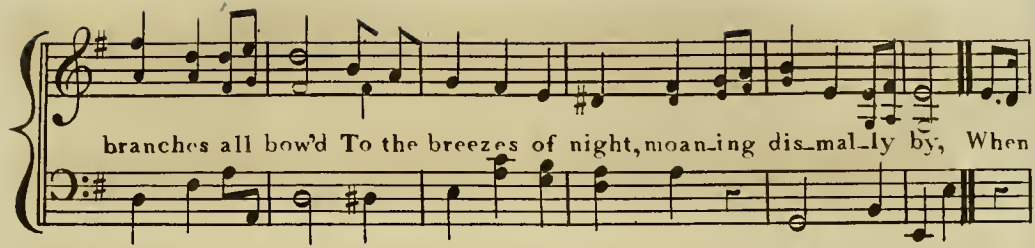
Air — Young Terrance Mc Donough.

Slowly.

The moon dimm'd her beams in a feath-er-y cloud, As she

sail'd through the star-stud-ded vault of the sky, And slowly the moss-cover'd





"Oh! where is the warrior that awfully rose  
 In his might, like the wide-spreading oak on the heath?  
 Alas! the bright eye that flash'd fire on his foes,  
 For ever is clos'd in the slumber of death!  
 In his hall not a string of the Harp now is stirr'd,  
 The bards sit around, wrapt in silence and grief,  
 And only the sobs of his father are heard —  
 Who shall comfort the sorrowing soul of the chief?

"Oh! where are the blood-crusted spear and the shield?  
 In indolent rest 'neath the wall they recline —  
 And where are his dogs that were fierce in the field?  
 Round his grass-tufted hillock they lingering whine —  
 O hear me! thou spirit of Crothal, attend,  
 In pity look down on the house of thy rest;  
 For thee doth the fast-falling tear-drop descend,  
 And thine the last sigh that escapes from my breast!"



## 'TIS HARD TO FORGET.

Air—Daniel's dream.

Slowly.

'Tis hard to forget the first love that we knew, Tho' its hopes, and its

promise, may all prove un-true; We de-light still to lin-ger, and

roam by those bow'rs, Which saw in love's morning our hap-pi-est hours.

As we there love to linger, we never forget  
 The time when we lov'd, and the scenes where we met;  
 And though mournful the thought, there's a pleasure to dream  
 Near the bow'r of our loves, and to gaze on its stream.

D. Weir.

~~~~~\*~~~~~  
WHEN THE BRIGHT SPARK OF FREEDOM.

Air—Black Joke.

With
Energy.

When the bright spark of freedom first glows in the mind, And severs the

chain which a despot would bind, It is then that the soul in to liber-ty springs.

And hails a new life and a world of its own, A birth place of
 free-dom, a reg-ion un-known to the slave and the cow-ard who
 dare not be free, And who tame-ly sub-mit to a ty-rant's de-
 -cree, And in pal-ace or pris-on un-heed-ing-ly sings.

O! give me the heart which unfetter'd remains,
 In the depths of a dungeon, and towers amidst chains,
 Which lived in a Wallace, a Russell, a Tell,
 It is all that I ask, for the world it is wide, —
 There are spots where the tyrant can never abide,
 Where the altars of freedom rise bright on the strand,
 To guide the poor Exile to liberty's land —
 When with tears he has bade his own country farewell.

Can the patriot Exile unfeelingly roam,
 Nor think of his country, his birth-place, his home,
 And all that once bound him to infancy's spot?
 O speak not of this! when he fought with the brave,
 And stemm'd the red current, nor would be a slave;
 When he fled from the field which a tyrant had won;
 When his countrymen bled and his land was undone,
 Then that land he forsook—but 'tis never forgot.

D. Weir.

SHE LEFT US WHEN SPRING-TIME.

Air — Groves of Blarney.

Slow.

She left us when Spring-time Had painted the plain, And promis'd in
Autumn To see us a-gain. Long, long seem'd the summer, When she was a-
way, And we sigh'd for the woodlands And flow'rs to de-cay.

The tree at our window
Had scatter'd its leaves,
And the swallow had left us
That sung from the eaves,
When we thought of her promise
To see us again,
And long'd for her coming;
But all was in vain.

She left us in Spring-time,
In health and in joy,
But the breezes of Autumn
Had blown to destroy:
We saw the long fun'ral
Come over the plain,
And the voice that could cheer us
Can cheer not again.

Knox.

THE MAID IN BEDLAM.

Air — Gramachree.

Slowly.

One morning ver-y ear-ly, one morn-ing in the spring, I
heard a maid in bed-lam, who mourn-ful-ly did sing; Her



O cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea,
 And cruel cruel was the ship which bore my love from me!
 Yet I love his parents since they're his, altho' they've ruined me,
 And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O should it please the pitying powers to call me to the sky,
 I'd claim a guardian angel's charge, around my love to fly;
 To guard him from all dangers how happy should I be!
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wond'rous fine,
 With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll weave the eglantine,
 And I'll present it to my love, when he returns from sea,
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O if I were a little bird to build upon his breast,
 Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to rest,
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward should be,
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky,
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love might spy,
 But, ah! unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er shall see!
 Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me. George Byron.

HAD I A HEART.

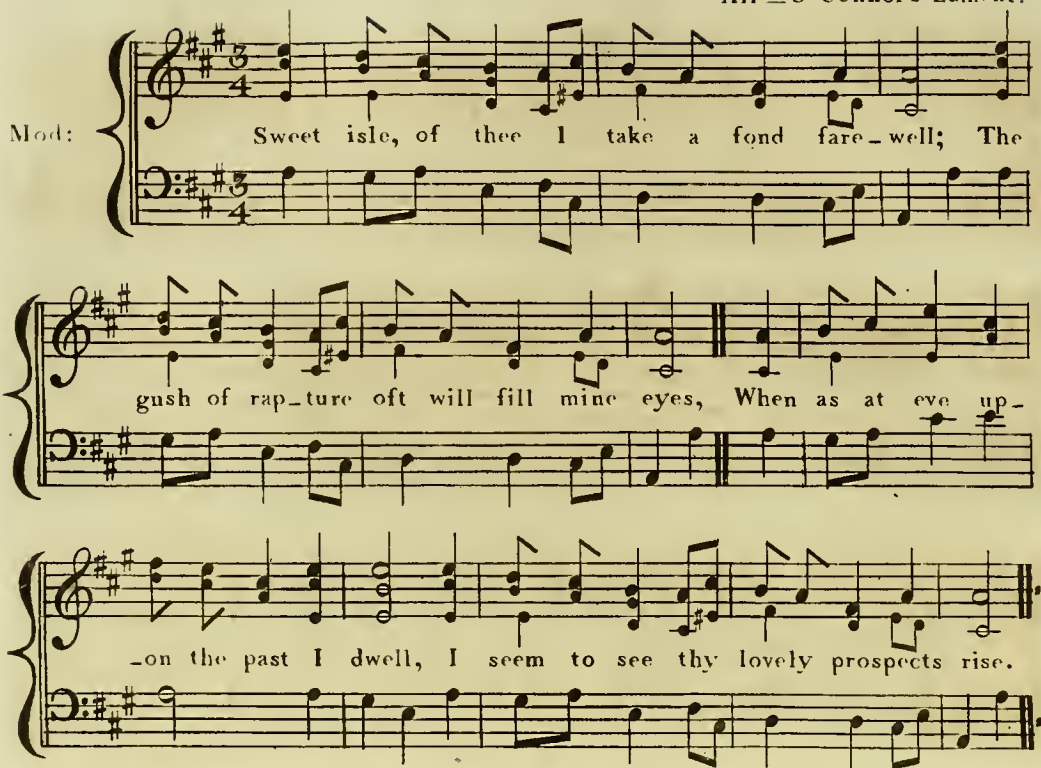
Same Air.

Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd, I ne'er cou'd injure you;
 For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd, your charms wou'd make me true;
 To you no soul shall bear deceit, no stranger offer wrong:
 But friends in all the aged you'll meet, and lovers in the young:

But when they learn that you have blest another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest, and act a brother's part:
 Then, lady, dread not here deceit, nor fear to suffer wrong:
 For friends in all the aged you'll meet, and brothers in the young.
 Sheridan.

SWEET ISLE.

Air—O Connor's Lament.

Mod: 

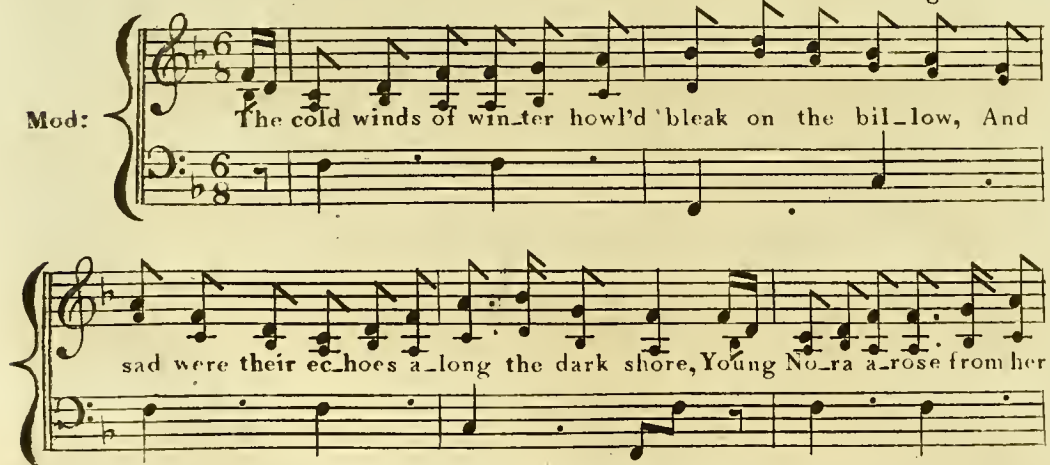
Sweet isle, of thee I take a fond fare-well; The
gush of rap_ture oft will fill mine eyes, When as at eve up-
-on the past I dwell, I seem to see thy lovely prospects rise.

For the bright hours spent 'midst such scenes as thine,
Delightful spot, may be compared to thee,
And, as we backward look on life, they shine
Like "sunny islands in a stormy sea?"

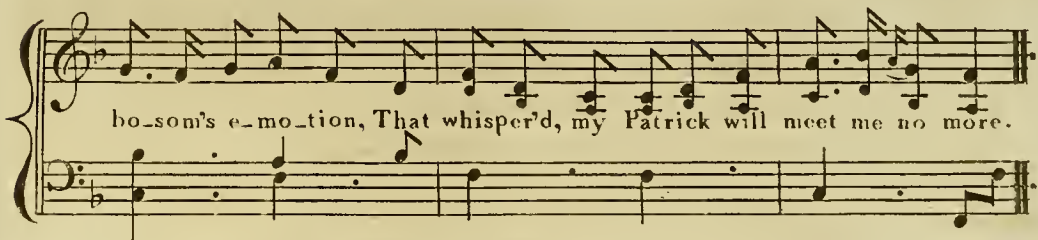
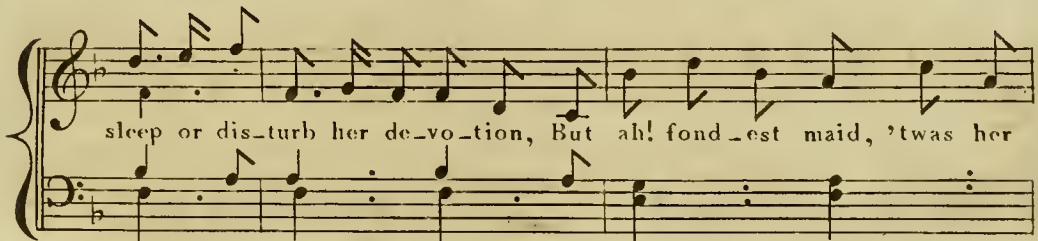
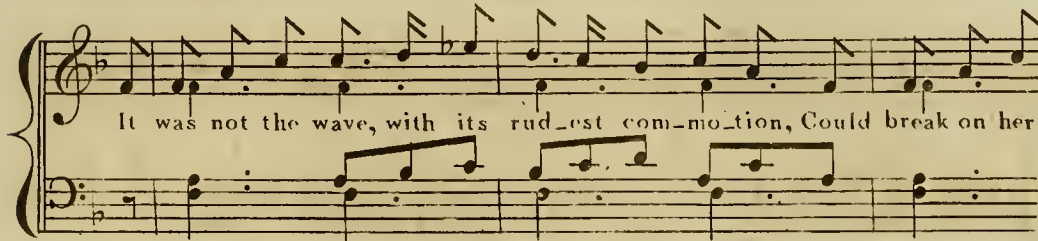
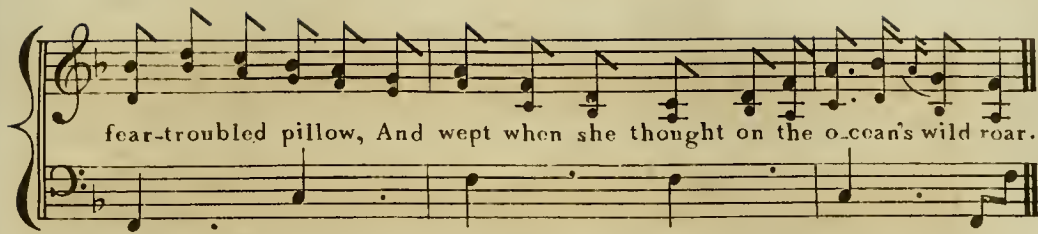
J. Player.

THE COLD WINDS OF WINTER.

Air—New Langoolee.

Mod: 

The cold winds of win_ter howl'd 'bleak on the bil_low, And
sad were their ec_hoes a_long the dark shore, Young No-ra a_rose from her



He left the calm bay when the morning was shining,
 The winds were all hush'd on their pillow of blue,
 Love's flower round her heart in its sunlight was twining,
 And wav'd in the breezes as sweetly it grew.
 The storm has awoke and love's flower it lies weeping,
 In depths of the ocean her Patrick is sleeping,
 And over his bed the wild waves are sweeping—
 He reck's not the tears of that maiden so true.

O weep not, fond maid, nor let sorrow awaken
 The love-dreams of youth which will bless thee no more;
 Like a rose-bud of promise by summer winds shaken,
 Thy flower of affection lies nipt on the shore.
 The spring-time will come with its sweet sunny showers,
 And roses will bloom in the cold wintry bowers,
 But, ah! lovely maid, amidst evergreen flowers,
 Thy Patrick will meet thee where storms never roar.

D. Wieg.

OH! HUSH THE SOFT SIGH.

Air — Coulin.

Tenderly.

Oh! hush the soft sigh, maid, and dry the sweet tear, In this

bo --- som thy im-age shall ev-er be dear: Of Hope's pic-tur'd scenes how the

col-ours de-cay, And love's fai-ry sea-son as soon melts a-way!

When its balm-breathing dew I delighted to sip,
Did I think a farewell would escape from that lip?
By honour commanded, tho' far I should roam,
The loadstone of love will attract me to home.

At noon, when the rose's warm blush thou shalt see,
Oh, think of the wreaths thou hast woven for me!
At night, when the moon in mild splendour shall move,
Oh, view that fair planet, and think how I love!

O WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

Air — Noble Sir Arthur.

Lively.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad, O whistle and I'll come

to you, my lad, Tho' fa-ther and mo-ther and a' should gae mad, Thy

Jean-y will ven-ture wi' ye, my lad. But war-i-ly tent, when ye
 come to court me, And come na un-less the back yett be a-jee, Syne
 up the back stile, and let nae-bo-dy see, And come as ye were na
 com-ing to me, And come as ye were na com-ing to me.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
 O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
 Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
 Thy Jeany will venture wi' ye, my lad.
 At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flee,
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were na looking at me,
 Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
 O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
 Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
 Thy Jeany will venture wi' ye, my lad.
 Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me,
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee,
 But court na anither, tho' joking ye be,
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.

Burns.

FAR, FAR FROM MY COUNTRY.

Air—Castle Tirowen.

Slowly

Far, far from my country, dear E-rin, from thee, I've wander'd, an

ex-ile be-yond the dark sea; But ne'er could this lone heart for-

get the green isle, Where sum-mer's bright tints o'er the blue wa-ters smile.

How oft in the twilight I've stood on the shore,
And gaz'd on thy path where the wild billows roar,
'Till the home of my Fathers rose brightly to view,
And I thought that the vision before me was true!

But, ah! as I gaz'd, it soon vanish'd away,
And the night-cloud arose where the dark waters lay;
But still to my fancy it whisper'd a while,
Thy steps shall revisit thine own native Isle!

And dear shall each spot of thy childhood appear,
When seen in the morning through memory's tear;
That hour shall repay all the years that are past,
When thy sire and thy friends shall receive thee at last.

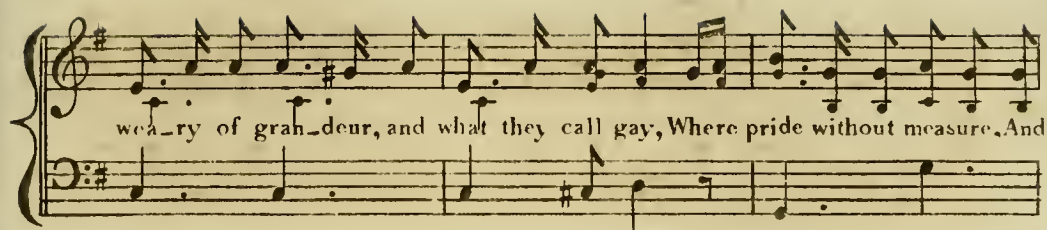
D. Weir.

FROM THE COURT TO THE COTTAGE.

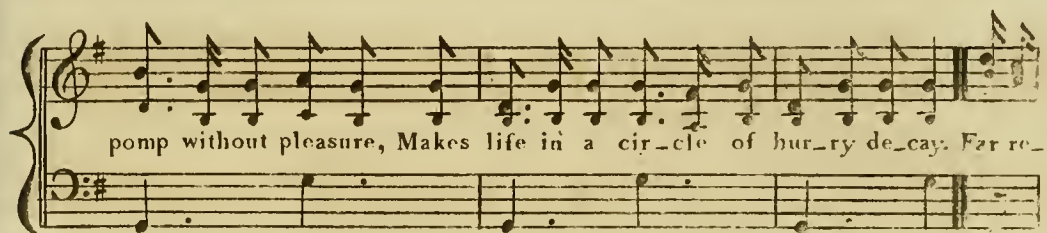
Air—Thady, you Gander.

In
Moderate
Time.

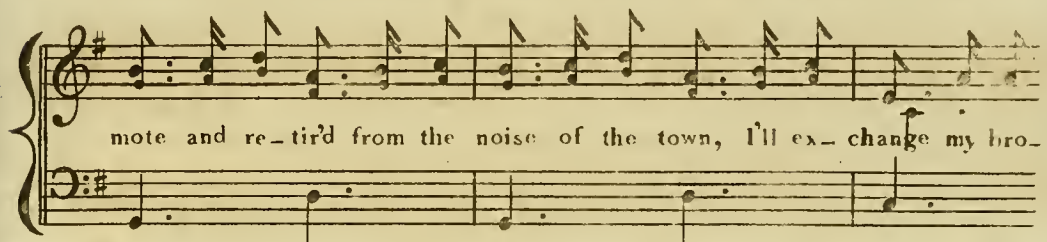
From the court to the cot-tage con-vey me a-way, For I'm



wea-ry of gran-deur, and what they call gay, Where pride without measure, And



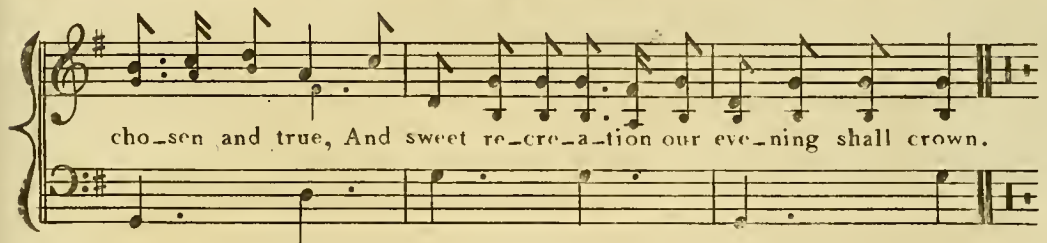
pomp without pleasure, Makes life in a cir-cle of hur-ry de-cay. Far re-



mote and re-tir'd from the noise of the town, I'll ex-change my bro-



cade for a plain rus-set gown; My friends shall be few, But well



cho-sen and true, And sweet re-cre-a-tion our eve-ning shall crown.

With a rural repast, a rich banquet for me,
 On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree;
 The river's clear brink,
 Shall afford me my drink,
 And temperance my friendly physician shall be;
 Ever calm and serene, with contentment still blest,
 Not too giddy with joy, or with sorrow deprest,
 I'll neither invoke
 Nor repine at death's stroke,
 But retire from the world as I would to my rest.

NO! NOT THE TRESS.

Air—Luggelaw.

Moderately
Slow.

No! not the tress round the mild eye, cur-ling Of beauty

falls in a sweet-er fold, Though dark it droops like a ban-ner

fur-ling, Or floats like the sun in a sea of gold: And not the

smile on lips de-scending, Bright with mirth, seems so di-vine, As when, dearest

maid, soft music's lend-ing Her soul to beau-ti-ful lips like thine.

Tresses fall faded, smiles are fleeting,
 Blue eyes oft shoot us an icy glance;
 But, O! what spirit can still the beating
 Of pulses that tremble and hearts that dance!
 The kindest gift—the sweetest token,
 Tress or smile, I would resign,
 Once more but to hear one dear word spoken
 By those so beautiful lips of thine.

Wiffen.

STRANGER, WHENCESOE'ER YOU COME.

65

Air — The Brown Irish Girl.

Cheerfully

Stranger, whencesoe'er you come, Welcome to this rustic dome; Welcome
to the hill, the glade; Welcome to the forest shade: To our simplest home-ly
fare Come, and welcome; banish care: Climb our hills, and health inhale, Borne up-
on the perfum'd gale. Climb our hills, and health inhale, Borne up on the perfum'd gale.

Bury in yon wooded glen
All the strife of busy men;
Let the streams that round it roll,
Softly murmuring, soothe thy soul:
See, the glorious orb of day
Gilds us with his parting ray,
Whilst above the woods afar
Sweetly shines the evening star!

Stranger, rest thee here a while,
Till the morning sun shall smile;
Then explore the fairy scene,
Lovely like a waking dream.
Worn and wasted by disease,
Pale and languid, ill at ease,
Say, does health your care employ—
Health the fostering nurse of joy?

Come and chase her on our hills,
Seek her by our purling rills,
Meet her midst our shadowy trees,
Woo her in the balmy breeze:
Health and peace and joy are here;
Child of sorrow, banish care,
Cease thy wanderings, leave thy woes,
Yield to pleasure and repose!

WHEN WAR WAS HEARD.

Air — The Hermit of Killarney.

Mod: When war was heard, and Er-in's call A_rous'd me from thy

side, No danger could my heart ap-pall, For thee I would have died:

But when our moments sweetly flew, Beneath the spreading tree, The

se-cret charm of life I knew, To live for love and thee.

When gloomy care disturb'd thy rest,
Or sorrow dimm'd thine eye,
Oh! did not then this tender breast
Return thee sigh for sigh?
But did delight thy bosom know,
And love thine hours employ,
We shad' the sympathetic glow,
And mingled tears of joy.

'TIS SWEET TO HEAR THE VOICE OF LOVE.

Air — The Wren.

Cheerful:

all is hush'd be-side the grove, be-side the grove, And the pale moon be-

2^d Verse.

holds a-bove, Night's hap-py hour. But sweeter far that voice will seem, When

breath'd to me; 'Tis like some hap-py spi-rit's dream, some spi-rit's dream, When

3^d Verse.

morning's first and loveliest beam Breaks o'er the sea. Then let me hear the

voice of love, In some lone bow'r, When all is hush'd be-side the grove, be-

side the grove, And the pale moon be-holds a-bove, Night's hap-py hour.

MY MARY, WHEN THE TWILIGHT STILL.

Air — The Peacock.

Mod:

Not kinder is the beam that glows
At noon-day on the opening rose,
Not purer to the raptur'd view
Appear the cool clear drops of dew
That on its lovely bosom rest,
Than are the thoughts within thy breast —
Yes, Mary—modest, guileless, fair —
Love too must have a dwelling there.

Nought else can mortal being know
So sweet on all this earth below,
As is the holy joy to share
The blessing of a maiden's prayer. —
The hope of farther bliss might cease,
And all the wishes rest in peace,
Were it allowed to claim a part,
My Mary, in thy young kind heart!

R. Hogg.

WEDDED LOVE.

69

Air—Carolan's receipt.

Tenderly.

We sought the green, the shady grove, When life was young and

love was new; We pledg'd the vows of purest love, And with our years af-fec-tion grew:

Now in the cot on yon-der brow, A-round with fold-ing i-vy wove, The

Shannon's winding stream in view, How bless'd we'll live in wed-ded love, The

Shannon's winding stream in view, How bless'd we'll live in wed-ded love!

And tho' our fortune is but low,
 Tho' we have yet but little store,
 I'll wield the spade, and ply the hoe,
 And strive to make that little more;
 And when my daily toil is o'er,
 With cheerful heart I'll homeward move —
 And smiling peace, and plenty, sure,
 Will bless the home of wedded love.

Alex^r Laing.

O ERIN, MY COUNTRY.

Air—St. Patrick's Day.

Cheerful

O E-rin, my coun-try, for-get for a while, The

tears which thy chil-dren have shed o'er thy woes; For a

light seems to break round the Em-er-ald isle, And o-ver the

o-cean how sweet-ly it glows! The dark robe of night Is fring'd with

light, And the whirlwind is hush'd, and the storms are a-way; No

more we de-spair, For hope is there: And, oh! my dear country, tho'

dark-ness hang o'er thee, How fond-ly we gaze on the

pro-mis-ing ray; No more will the isles of the o-cean de-

plore thee, For the "sun-burst" of free-dom will come with the day.

Then, children of Erin, remember no more

The hearts that have wrong'd you—forgive and forget;

For the dove with the branch is in search of your shore,

Then bless the hour when your isle it has met.

On the wings of love,

That peaceful dove

Hath wearied its pinions far far o'er the wave;

Ere morning smile,

'Twill reach your isle;

And, then, my dear country, no more will you hear

The sighs of your children, the groans of the brave;

Your hopes will grow bright, and the bow will appear,

As the olive waves green o'er the patriot's grave.

D. Weir.

O DO NOT THINK.

Air — Planxty Irwine.

In
Moderate
Time.

O do not think, because a while I revel with the careless crowd, That
pleasure's power can e'er beguile The grief of which my soul is proud. And
deem not, when 'midst court-ly joys, I min-gle with the light and vain, I
find in ri-ot's madd'ning noise A sol-ace for my bo-som's pain.

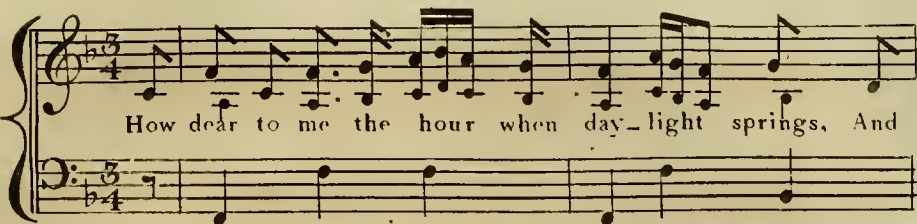
Yet those who seek mirth's varied round, Thy mute resemblance oft I trace,
Fools who in folly's creed agree, Lest dull-eyed sorrow should forget
May deem my soul the joy has found, To mark some charm, some nameless grace,
The bliss it lost in losing thee. Which memory has not treasured yet.
But when gay pleasure's votaries rest, Unmoved now meets my ardent gaze
And midnight wraps the world in shade, That eye whose glance has rapture given;
The sigh that rends this tortured breast We met not thus in youthful days;
Tells me thy image cannot fade. We meet no more unless in heaven.

Then, O forgive me when I wear
The mark of mirth or pleasure's tone!
I would not have the vulgar share
The woe which should be mine alone.
Think not I do thy memory wrong
That thus I seem from sorrow free,
The unmeaning smile I give the throng,
The silent tear is kept for thee!

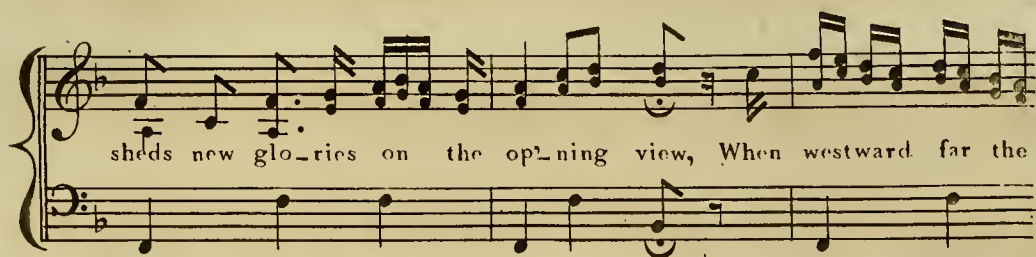
HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

73

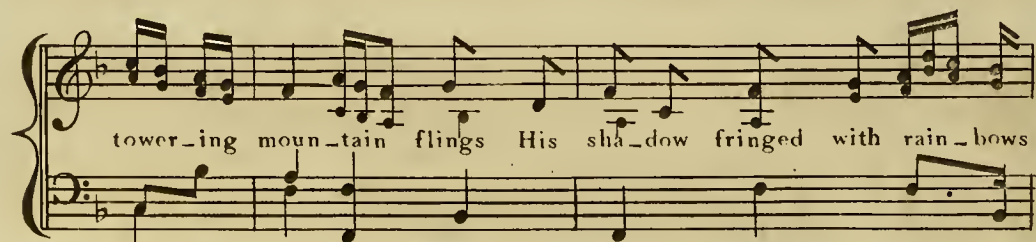
Air—The twisting of the rope.

Mod: 

How dear to me the hour when day-light springs, And



sheds new glo-ries on the op'ning view, When westward far the



tower-ing moun-tain flings His sha-dow fringed with rain-bows



on the dew—When west-ward far the tower-ing moun-tain



flings His sha-dow fringed with rain-bows on the dew!

In every flowering shrub then life is new,
That sweetly opes on heaven the gladsome eye;
So is life's morn—but, ah! what can renew
The eve of life? we droop, hope, yearn, and die.

James Hogg.

CONNEL.

Air—The Girl I left behind me.

Slow.

No more shall Connel grace the hall, From bat-tle won re-
turning! Lov'd maidens weep his early fall, And hoary chiefs are mourning.
No more these cheeks, like lilies pale, Shall glow at rising dan-ger; No
more these lips with jo-cund tale Shall soothe the wea-ry stran-ger!

That meteor-sword of death no more
Shall light the path to glory,
When vanquish'd foemen fly the shore,
Or fall with wounds so gory.
Beneath yon mountain's craggy steep,
Where waves the lonely willow,
Laid low in earth, brave Connel sleeps
On death's dark, dreamless pillow.

On high the quiv'ring harp is hung,
Swept by the tempest roaring;
The Bard a farewell dirge has sung,
And silent sits deploring.
Yet oft sad memory heaves a sigh,
The plaintive strain renewing,
And oft the tears in friendship's eye
Descend, his grave bedewing.

Allan Bayne.

THERE ARE MOMENTS OF BLISS.

Air—The Armagh night-cap.

Mod:
with
Expression.

There are moments of bliss in this dark world of ours, That midst all our

sorrows in brightness will glow; Like the rain-bow of hope they o'er-

shadow those hours, When the bosom runs o'er with its ful-ness of woe.

The un-kindness of friends may fall on the heart, Like the rush of the

whirlwind that ruf-fles the wave, The love-dreams of youth from the

soul may de-part, And all that they spoke of may sink in the grave.

How oft in that moment when language would fail

To bring to the breast one emotion of joy,

A dream of the past like the sun in the vale,

Would beam on the tear-drop which hung in the eye!

Then then would the bosom be hush'd as the sea

When the cloud and the sunshine recline on its blue;

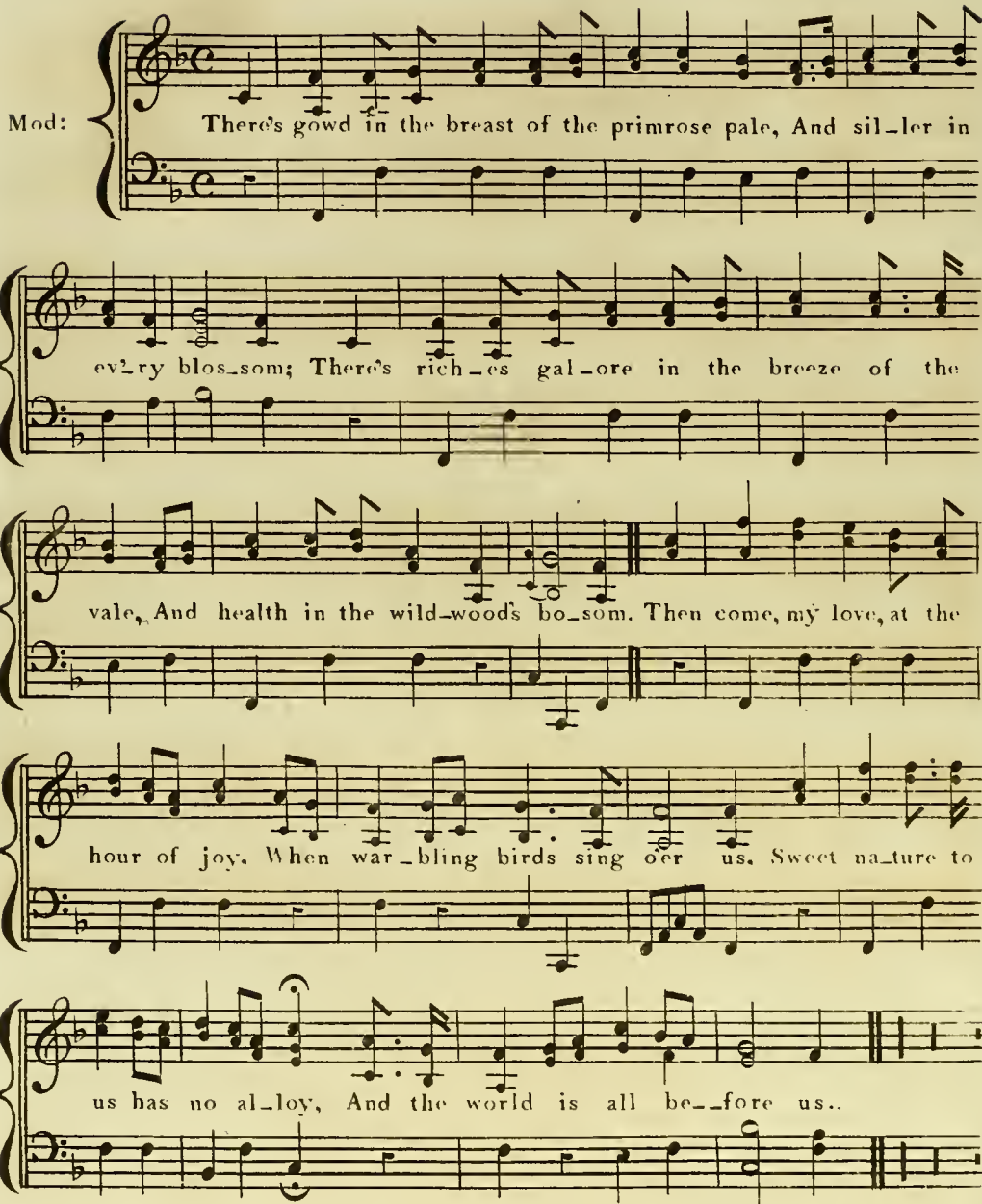
And tears like the raindrops in darkness would flee,

And vanish afar like the morn's early dew.

D. Weir.

THERE'S GOWD IN THE BREAST.

Air—The Red Fox.

Mod: 

There's gowd in the breast of the primrose pale, And sil-ler in
 ev'ry blos-som; There's rich-es gal-ore in the breeze of the
 vale, And health in the wild-wood's bo-som. Then come, my love, at the
 hour of joy. When war-bling birds sing o'er us. Sweet na-ture to
 us has no al-loy, And the world is all be-fore us..

The courtier joys in bustle and power,
 The soldier in war-steeds bounding;
 The miser in hoards of treasured ore,
 The proud in the pomp around them:
 But we have yon heaven sae bonny and blue,
 And laverocks skimming out o'er us,
 The breezes of health and the vallies of dew—
 O the world is all before us!

James Hogg.

WHY WEEPS YON HIGHLAND MAID?

77

Air—The dear black Maid.

Slow.

Why weeps yon Highland maid O-ver the tar-tan plaid?

Is it a pledge of care? Or are the blood drops there? Tell me, thou

hind of humble seeming, Why the tears on her cheek are gleaming?

Woe that the young and fair Should weep un-pit-ied there!

Stranger, that Highland plaid
 Low in the dust is laid:
 He who the relic wore—
 He is, alas! no more.

He and his loyal clan were trodden
 Down, by slaves on dark Culloden;
 Well o'er a lover's pall—
 Well may the tear-drops fall!

Where now the clansmen true?
 Where is the bonnet blue?
 Where the claymore that broke
 Fearless thro' fire and smoke?

Not one gleam by glen or river,
 It lies dropt from the hand for ever.
 Stranger our fall deplore;
 Scotia's name is no more!

James Hogg.

ADIEU, YE CHEERFUL NATIVE PLAINS.

Air—The Green woods of Treugh.

Slow.

A_dieu, ye cheerful native plains, Dungeon glooms receive

me! Nought, a_las! for me remains, Of all the joys ye gave me.

All are flown! Banish'd from thy shores, sweet Er_in, I thro'

life must toil des_pair_ing, Lost and un_known.

Howl, ye winds, around my cell,
 Nothing now can wound me,
 Mingling with your dreary swell,
 Prison-groans surround me,
 Bodings wild—
 Treachery, thy ruthless doing,
 Long I'll mourn in hopeless ruin,
 Lost and exil'd.

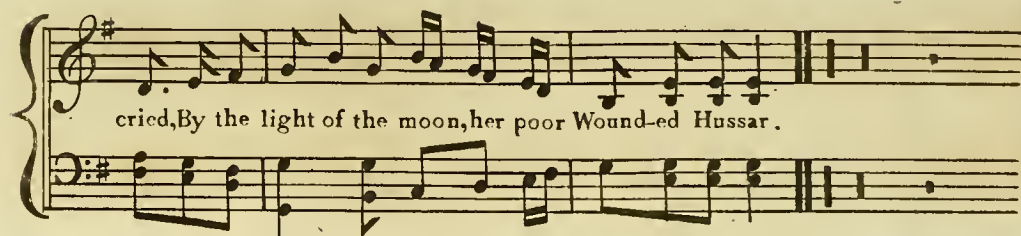
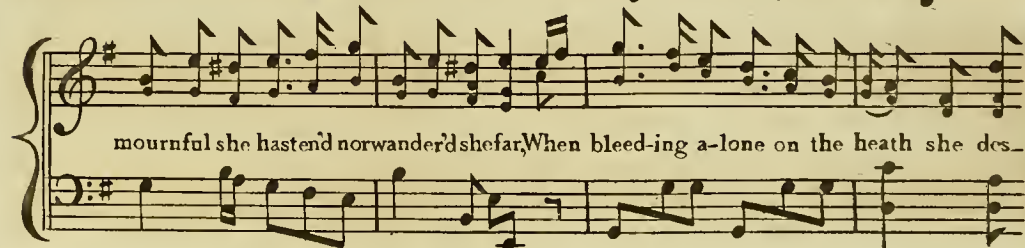
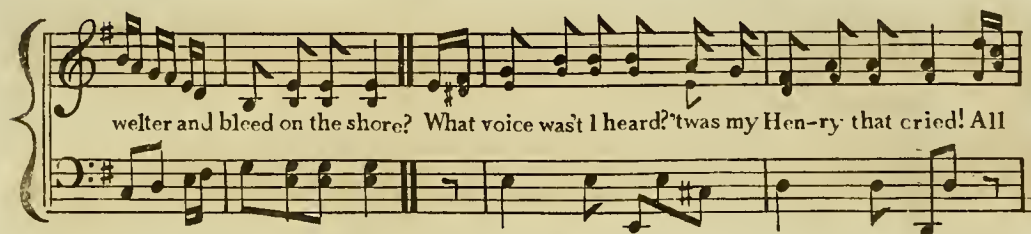
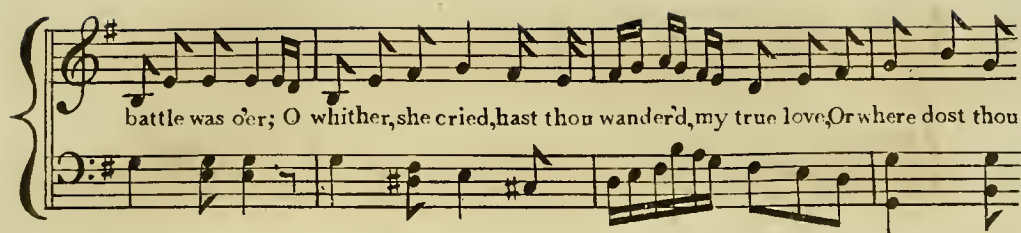
Tannahill.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

Air—Captain O' Kain.

With
Feeling.

A_lone to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube Fair Adelaide hied when the



From his bosom that heav'd the last torrent was streaming,
 And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar,
 And dim was the eye once expressively beaming,
 That melted in love and that kindled in war.
 How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight,
 How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
 "Have you come, my fond love, this last sorrowful night,
 To cheer the lone heart of your Wounded Hussar?"

"Thou shalt live," she replied; "heaven's mercy, relieving
 Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn."
 "Ah! no; the last pang in my bosom is heaving,
 No light of the morn shall to Henry return!
 Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,
 Ye babes of my mourning that wait me afar"—
 His faltering tongue scarcely murmured adieu,
 When he sunk in her arms, the poor Wounded Hussar.
 Campbell.

YON WINTER BOWER IS FAIRER.

Air—The Rose tree.

In Mod:
time.

Yon winter bower is fairer When moonshine is on the glade, These
glens to me are dear-er Than balmy sum-mer's flow'ry shade, As
thro' the pines we wan-der, Where rushes down the mountain stream, In
all its na-tive gran-deur, Re-flec-ted o'er by Cyn-thia's beam.

I ranged the woodland border,
Where gay flowers in summer grow,
But all in wild disorder
Was wreath'd in the drifting snow. —
Though not with flowers of May, love,
But winter rose and holly-tree,
With scarlet berries gay, love,
A garland will I twine for thee.

Thomas Lyle.

O'ER THE OCEAN BOUNDING.

Air—Maid of the Valley.

Mod: with
Expression.

O'er the o-cean bounding, Oth-er lands surrounding, Love, I will think of

thee! Though new skies me cov-er, And oth-er stars shine o-ver,

Yet I am still with thee! When at morn or e-ven, Low I

kneel to heav-en, Be, my sins for-giv-en As my love shall be. When my

hopes are dearest And my soul sincerest, Then I re-mem-ber thee.

Thee my soul's sole pleasure;
 Thee its dearest treasure,
 Life, health, all to me;
 All of land or ocean,
 All a world's commotion,
 Knits me the more to thee.
 When new passions move me,
 When I cease to love thee,
 May the heavens above me
 Chasten my perfidy!
 Even in woe and cumber,
 Even in death's last slumber,
 I will remember thee!

James Hogg.

'TIS PAINFUL TO THINK.

Air—Gage Fane.

Slowish.

'Tis pain-ful to think that we can-not re-call The joys of our youth that are sweet-est of all; 'Tis pain-ful to think of the friends that we lov'd, For once and for aye from our pre-sence re-mov'd.

When around the kind knees of our parents we run,
As gay as the insects that dance in the sun,
We think not that death has the power to o'ershade
The light of the eyes in whose radiance we play'd.

When we stole to the greenwood at evening, to meet
The maid that was lovely, and kindly, and sweet,
We dreamt not misfortune would come, to dispart
The heart that in unison beat to our heart.

'Tis painful to think of the days that have been,
The days of delight that no longer are seen;
'Tis painful to think of the rank grass that waves
O'er the friends that we lov'd, as they rest in their graves.

I HAVE FELT ALL THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Air—The Fox's sleep.

Mod:

I have felt all the plea-sures of hope in my youth, Which

man-hood has ne'er re-al-iz'd; I have doat-ed on vir-tue, and

doat-ed on truth, And find these are still to be priz'd. But the

phan-toms which fan-cy pre-sen-ted to view Like the dew's of the

morn-ing are fled: I grasp'd at each joy while I

strain'd to pur-sue, And em-brac'd but a shade in its stead.

Now no more, on the surge of ambition high tossed,
 I'll pillow my head on the wave;
 Like the poor shattered shallop whose rudder is lost,
 The wreck of my hope I would save.
 Now I feel, with the wise, what a fool I have been,
 Not to know where true happiness lies—
 She lives in those hearts which, through life's chequered scene,
 Can the visions of fortune despise.

Ebenezer Picken.

THE HARP THAT IN DARKNESS.

Air — Paddy Whack.

In Mod:time
With Feeling

The harp that, in darkness and silence for-sa-ken, Had
 slumber'd while a-ges roll'd slowly a-long, Once more in its own na-tive
 land shall a-wa-ken, And pour from its chords all the raptures of song.
 Un-hurt by the mil-dews that o'er it were stealing, — Its strings in full
 chor-us shall war-ble sub-line — Shall rouse all the ar-dour of
 pa-tri-ot feel-ing, And snatch a bright wreath from the re-li-cies of time.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of six systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'In Mod:time' and the performance instruction is 'With Feeling'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures. The score ends with a double bar line in the final measure of the sixth system.

Sweet harp! on some tale of past sorrow while dwelling,
 Still plaintive and sad breathes the murmuring sound;
 The bright sparkling tear of fond sympathy swelling,
 Shall freshen the shamrock that twines thee around.
 Sweet harp! o'er thy tones though with fervent devotion
 We mingle a patriot smile with a tear,
 Not fainter the smile, not less pure the emotion,
 That waits on the cause which assembles us here.

Behold where the child of affliction and sorrow,
 Whose eyes never gazed on the splendour of light,
 Is taught from thy trembling vibration to borrow
 One mild ray of joy 'midst the horrors of night.
 No more shall he wander unknown and neglected,
 From winter's loud tempests a shelter to find;—
 No more a sad outcast, forlorn and dejected,
 Shall poverty add to the woes of the blind.
 Oh, shades of our fathers! now awfully bending,
 To witness those blessings we seek to impart —
 Behold how the glory of Erin is blending,
 With feelings the sweetest that spring from the heart.
 Still, still these emotions, together uniting,
 Let the harp ever sound o'er the Emerald Isle,
 And in tones the soft tear of compassion exciting,
 Shall teach by its magic the sightless to smile.

Written by Miss Balfour, and sent by her to the Irish Harp Society.

FAIR ABRA'S EYES.

Air—Dennis, don't be threat'ning.

Mod: { Fair A_bra's eyes, fair A_bra's eyes Oft fill my breast with fond surprize—Sur—

prize, and hope, and love, and pride, And ma_ny a glow_ing thought beside.

The light that lies in Abra's eyes,
No trick of vain allurements tries;
But sheds a soft and constant beam,
Like moonlight on the tranquil stream.

Yet as the seas, from pole to pole,
Move at yon gentle orb's control,
So tumults in my bosom rise
Beneath the charm of Abra's eyes.

For Abra's eyes I'd gladly shun
The flaunting glare of Fortune's sun,
And to the humble shade betake,
Which they a brighter heav'n could make.

The wild-fire lights I once pursued
Should then no more my steps delude;
I'd fix my faith, and only prize
The steadfast light of Abra's eyes.

Fair Abra's eyes, fair Abra's eyes
Oft fill my breast with fond surprize,
Surprize, and hope, and love, and pride,
And many a glowing thought beside.

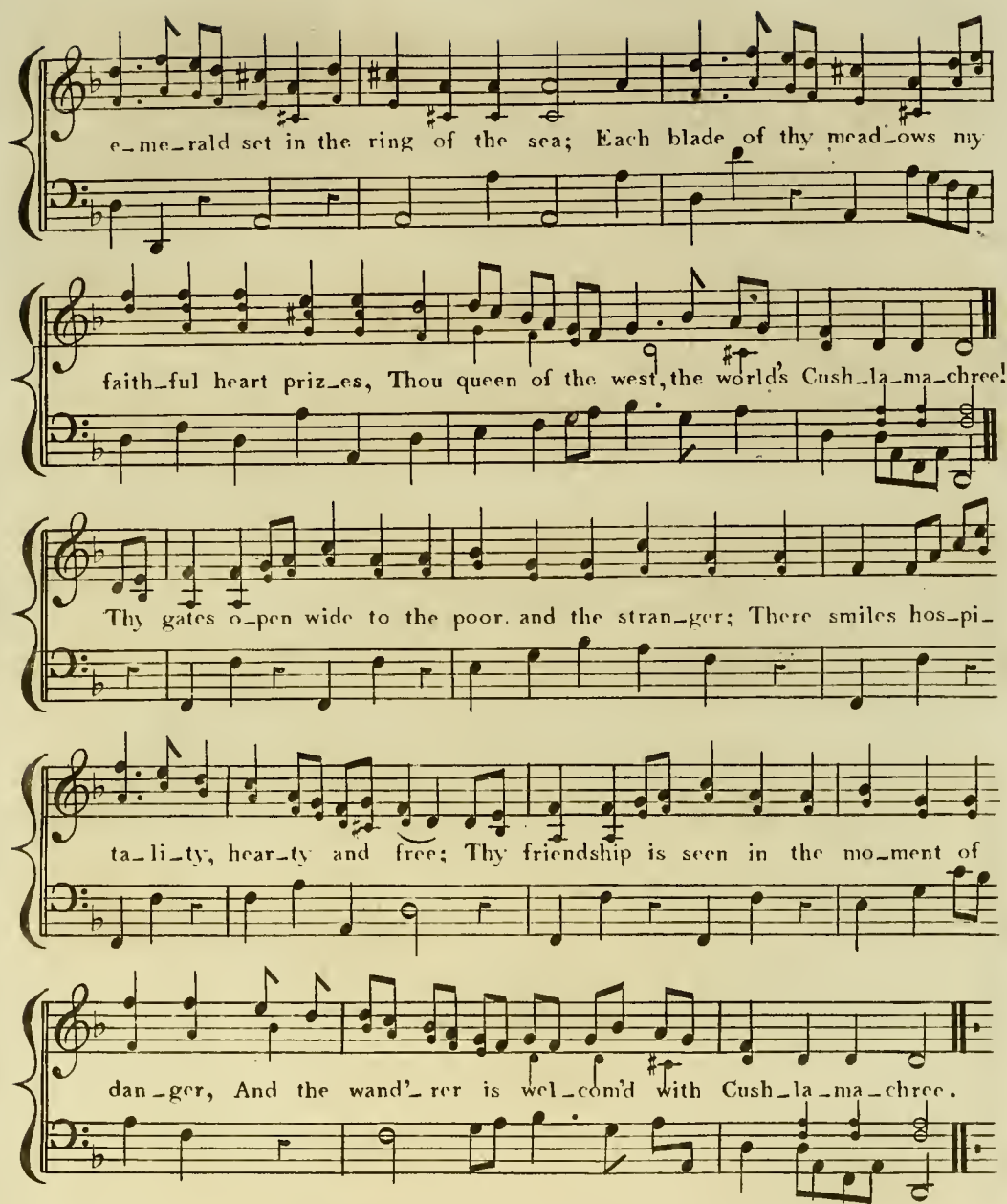
R. Chambers.

CUSHLAMACHREE.

Air—Patheen a Fuen.

Mod: { Dear E_rin, how sweet_ly thy green bo_som ri_ses, An

with firmness.



e-me-rald set in the ring of the sea; Each blade of thy mead-ows my
faith-ful heart priz-es, Thou queen of the west, the world's Cush-la-ma-chree!
Thy gates o-pen wide to the poor, and the stran-ger; There smiles hos-pi-
ta-li-ty, hear-ty and free; Thy friendship is seen in the mo-ment of
dan-ger, And the wand'-rer is wel-com'd with Cush-la-ma-chree.

Thy sons they are brave, but, the battle once over,
In brotherly peace with their foes they agree;
And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover
The soul-speaking blush, that says, Cushlamachree.
Then flourish for ever, my dear native Erin,
While sadly I wander, an exile from thee!
And firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,
May Heaven defend its own Cushlamachree!

Curran.

GO HOME, GO HOME.

Air — The Dandy, O.

Lively.

Go home, go home to your rest, young man, The sky looks
cold in the west, young man, For should we rove Through Morn's grove, A
noon-tide walk is the best, young man. Go sleep, the heav'ns look pale, young
man, And sighs are heard in the gale, young man; A walk in the night, By the
dim moonlight, A maiden might chance to be-wail, young man.

When all the world's awake, young man,
A proffer of love I may take, young man;
But the star of truth,
The guide of my youth,
Never pointed to midnight wake, young man.
Go sleep till rise of the sun, young man,
The sage's eye to shun, young man,
For he's watching the flight,
Of demons to night,
And may happen to take thee for one, young man.

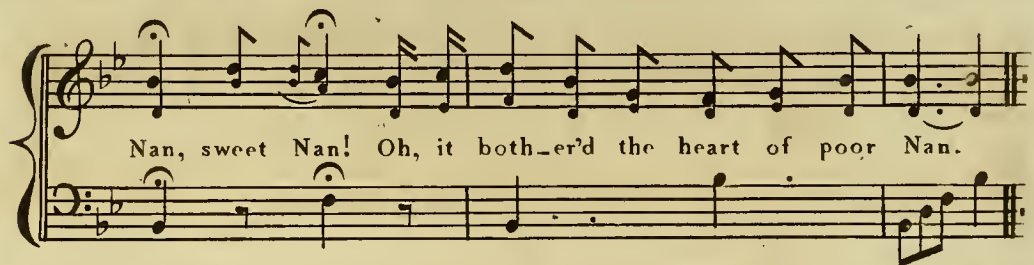
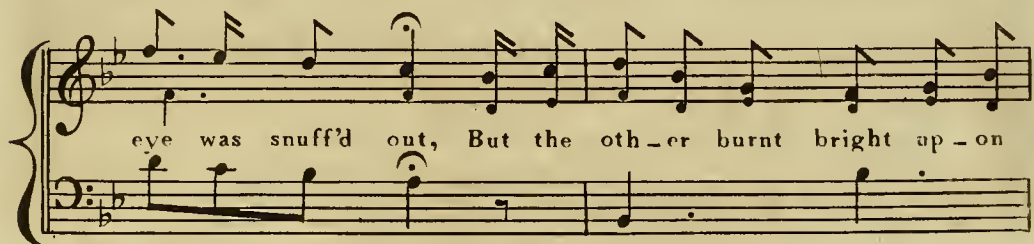
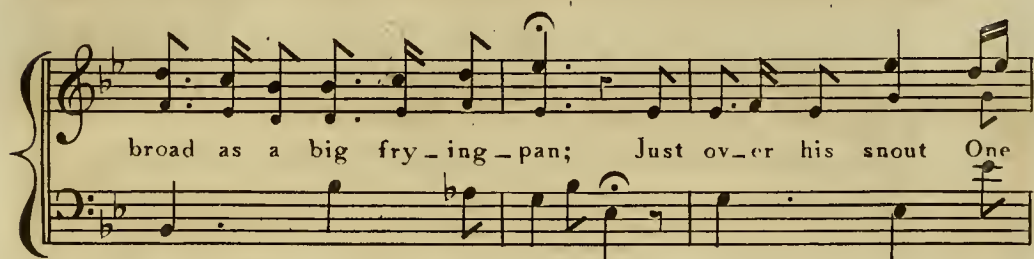
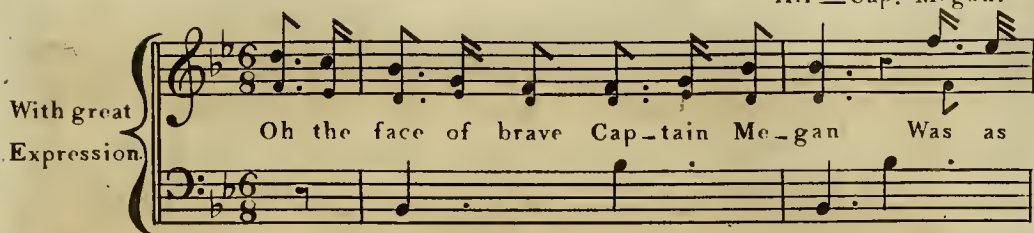
James Hogg.

89

OH THE FACE OF BRAVE CAPTAIN MEGAN.

Air—Capt Megan.

With great
Expression.



I'm no beauty, sigh'd Captain Megan,
But 'tis manners alone make the man,
And tho' my long nose
Should hang over my toes,
Would you like me the worse for it, Nan?
Sweet Nan!
Would you like me the worse for it, Nan?

Nan leer'd upon Captain Megan;
Her skin was the colour of tan,
But the Captain she saw,
Had a je-ne-sçai-quoi:
So the Captain he conquer'd sweet Nan,
Sweet Nan! —
Oh! long life to brave Captain Megan!

Colman.

THE DIRGE OF CAROLAN.

Air—The fair maid of Wicklow.

Mod: Slow
with Feeling

Ye maids of green E-rin, why sigh ye so sad? The sum-mer 'is
smil-ing, "all na-ture is glad?" The sum-mer may smile, and the
shamrock may bloom, But the pride of green E-rin lies cold in the tomb.

Ye Bards of our isle, join our grief with your songs,
For the deepest regret to his mem'ry belongs;
In our cabins and fields, on our mountains and plains,
How oft have we sung to his sweet melting strains!

Ah! these strains shall survive, long as time they shall last,
Yet they now but remind us of joys that are past,
And our days, crown'd with pleasure, can never return,
For the soul of sweet music now sleeps in his urn. Tannahill.

KITT'Y TYRELL.

Air—Kitty Tyrell.

Mod:

The breeze of the night fans the dark moun-tain's breast, And the
light-bounding deer have all sunk to their rest; The big sul-len waves lash the

lough's rock-y shore, And the lone drow-sy fish-er-man nods o'er his oar.

Tho' path-less the moor, and tho' star-less the skies, The star of my

heart is my Kit-ty's bright eyes; And joy-ful I lie o-ver

glen, brake, and fell, In se-cret to meet my sweet Kit-ty Ty-rell.

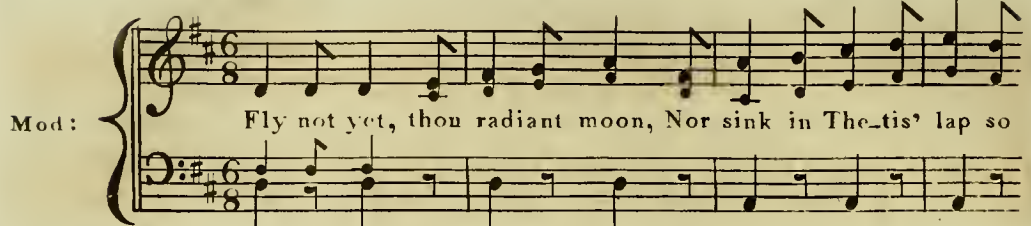
Ah! long we have lov'd in her father's despite,
 And oft we have met at the dead hour of night,
 When hard-hearted Vigilance, sunk in repose,
 Gave love one sweet hour its fond tale to disclose;
 These moments of transport, to me, oh! how dear!
 And the fate that would part us, alas, how severe!
 Altho' the rude storm rise with merciless swell,
 This night I shall meet my sweet Kitty Tyrell.

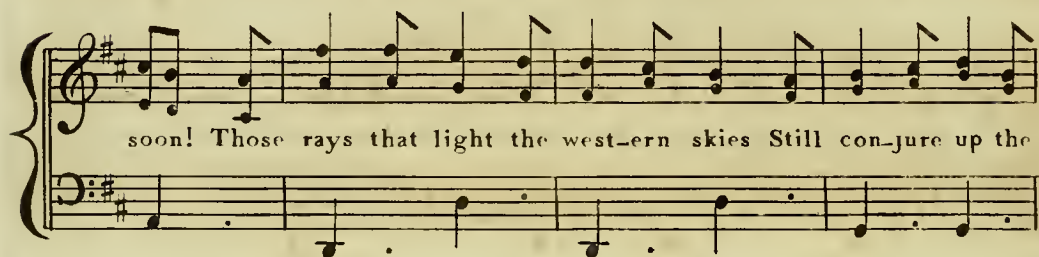
"O turn, hapless youth! see the dark cloud of death
 Comes rolling in gloom o'er the wild haunted heath;
 Deep groans the scath'd oak on the glen's clifly brow,
 And the sound of the torrent is heavy with woe!"
 Away, foolish seer, with thy fancies so wild,
 Go tell thy weak dreams to some credulous child,
 Love guides my light steps thro' the lone dreary dell,
 And I fly to the arms of sweet Kitty Tyrell.

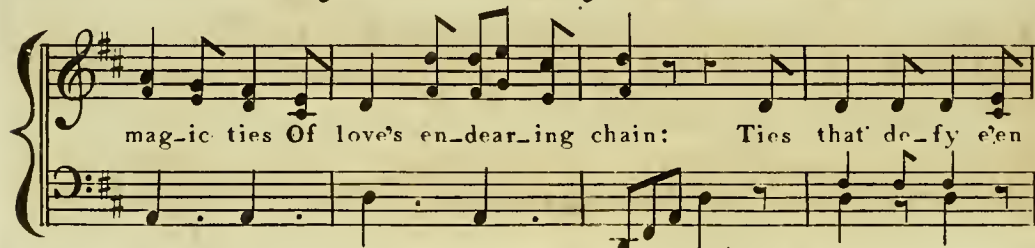
Tannahill.

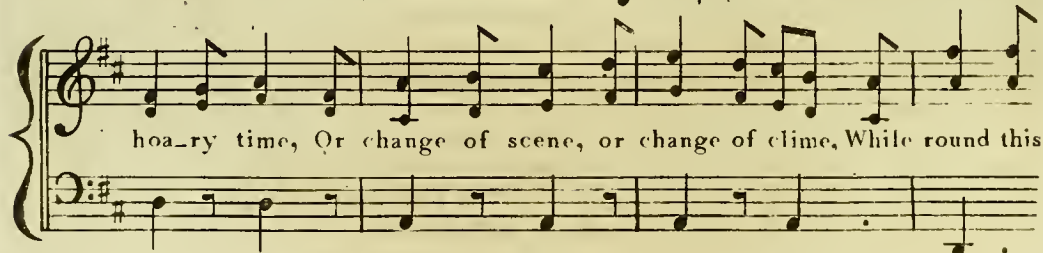
*FLY NOT YET, THOU RADIANT MOON.**

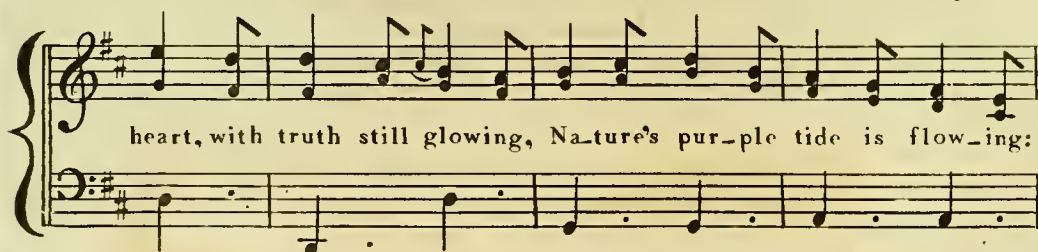
Air—Planxty Kelly.

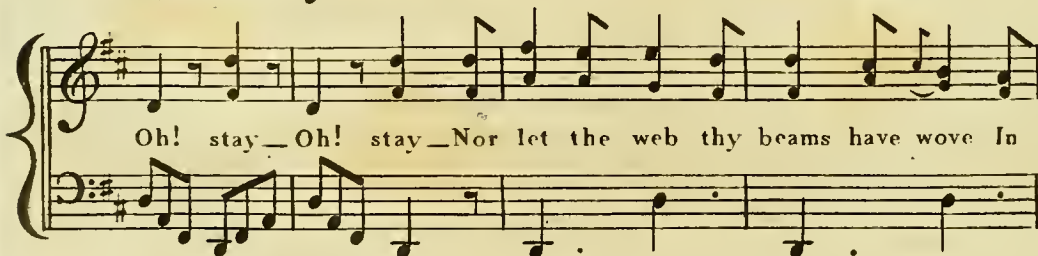
Mod:  Fly not yet, thou radiant moon, Nor sink in The-tis' lap so

 soon! Those rays that light the west-ern skies Still con-jure up the

 mag-ic ties Of love's en-dear-ing chain: Ties that de-fy e'en

 hoa-ry time, Or change of scene, or change of clime, While round this

 heart, with truth still glowing, Na-ture's pur-ple tide is flow-ing:

 Oh! stay—Oh! stay—Nor let the web thy beams have wove In

* Written among the Islands of the Grecian Archipelago.

mem'-ry's loom for her I love, So soon be rent in twain!

Oh! stay—Oh! stay—Nor let the web thy beams have wove In

mem'-ry's loom for her I love, So soon be rent in twain!

Thy silver orb recalls the hour,
 When, at her touch, soft music's power
 Through every sense transported stole,
 And o'er her song my captive soul

In silent wonder hung:

For such th' enchantment of her strain,
 That bliss itself thrilled high with pain;
 But, as I fled those maddening pleasures,
 Soft she sighed, in Lydian measures,

Oh! stay—Oh! stay—

The hours that glide on rapid wing
 Such dear delights too seldom bring;

Then fly not yet so soon!

"Fly not yet"—what spell divine
 Breathes o'er the cadence of that line,
 When trembling on her angel tongue,
 In dulcet notes, like those which sung

Creation's dawning day!

E'en here, amid the holier balm
 Of Grecian skies, in midnight calm,
 While mortal sounds are sunk in slumbers,
 Her sigh still breathes those melting numbers,

Oh! stay—Oh! stay—

And thus, sweet moon, thy setting light
 Prolongs the dream that hangs to-night
 On that remembered lay.

IF THE WORLD WERE UNKIND.

Air—On the mountains of Wicklow.

With
tender
Expression

If the world were unkind and its smiles prov'd untrue, Would'st

thou, my dear Ma-ry, re-mem-ber me then? Might this heart that is thine turn in

sor-row to you, And breathe from thy kindness a joy out of pain?

For the love that can smile when the morning is clear,
Yet will frown when a cloud o'er its brightness may stray,
Is as false as the hopes which at noon disappear,
When we look'd for their promise to shine on our way.

But, oh! I have known thee, dear maid of my heart,
From the first of our loves till this moment the same—
And found thee unchanged, even now as thou art,
Though the cloud of misfortune o'ershadows my name.

D. Weir.

~~~~~\*~~~~~  
I SAT IN THE VALE.

Air—The rocking of the Cradle.

Slowly

I sat in the vale, 'neath the hawthorns so ho-a-ry, And the

gloom of my bo-som seem'd deep as their shade, For remembrance was fraught with the

far.travell'd sto-ry That told where the dust of the minstrel was laid.

His harp was not seen on the wild boughs a\_bove me, I heard not its

anthems the mountains a\_mong; But the flow'rets that bloom'd on his

grave seem'd more love\_ly Than oth-ers would seem, to the earth that belong.

Sleep on, said my soul, in the depth of thy slumber,  
 Sleep on, gentle bard, till the shades pass away;  
 For the lips of the living the ages shall number  
 That steal o'er thy heart in its couch of decay.  
 Oh, thou wert belov'd, from the dawn of thy childhood;  
 Belov'd, till the last of thy suffering was seen:  
 Belov'd, now that o'er thee is waving the wild-wood,  
 And the worm only living where rapture has been.

Till the footsteps of time are their travel forsaking,  
 No form shall descend, and no dawning shall come,  
 To break the repose that thy ashes are taking,  
 And call them to life from their chamber of gloom.  
 Yet sleep, gentle bard! for though silent for ever  
 Thy harp in the hall of the chieftain is hung,  
 No time from the memory of mankind shall sever  
 The tales that it told, and the strains that 'it sung.

H. S. Riddell.

## HAD I A CAVE.

Air — Aileen Aroon.

Slowly.

Had I a cave on some wild distant shore, Where the winds

howl to the wave's dash-ing roar; There would I weep my woes,

There seek my lost re-pose, Till grief my eyes should close, Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare  
 All thy fond plighted vows 'fleeing as air?  
 To thy new lover hie,  
 Laugh o'er thy perjury,  
 Then in thy bosom try  
 What peace is there.

Burns.

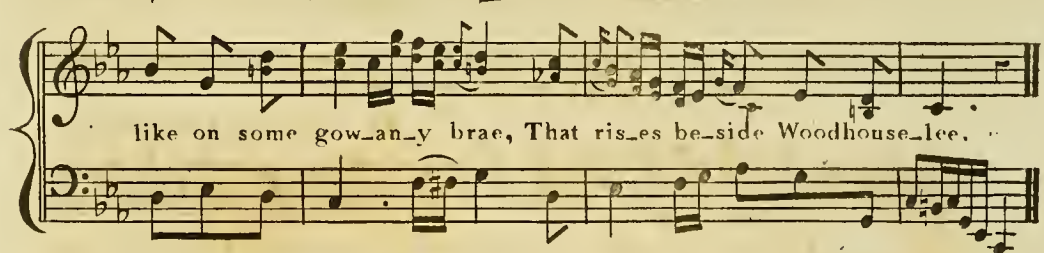
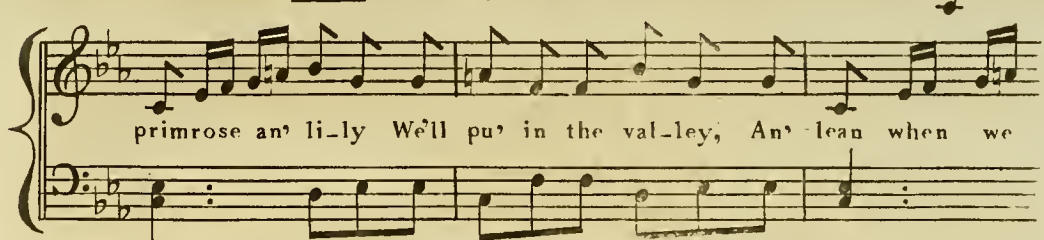
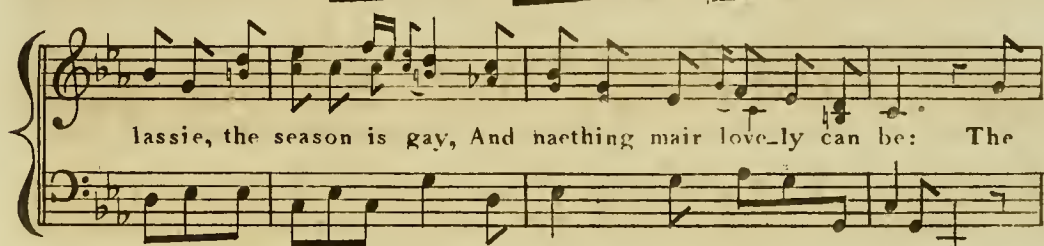
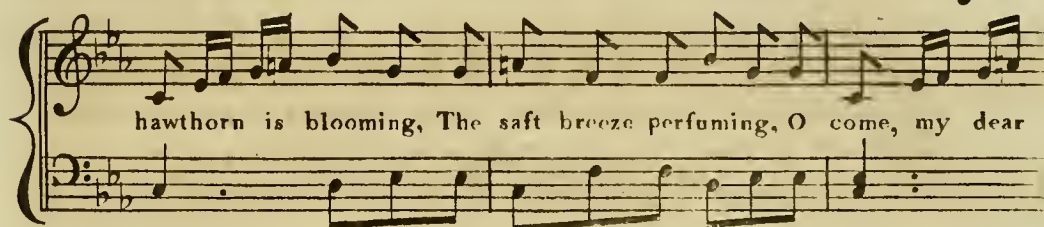
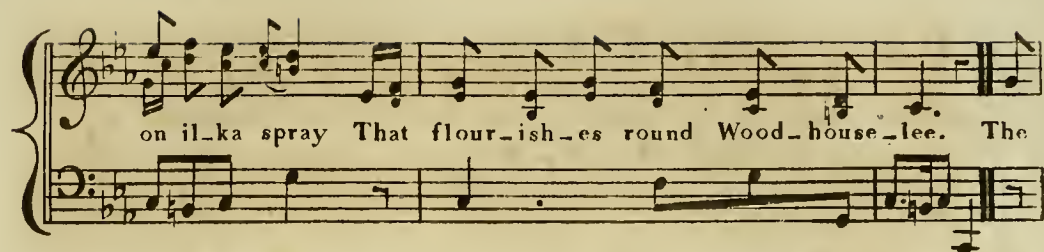
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NOW WINTER IS GANE.

Air — The fair-haired Child.

Mod:

Now winter is gane an' the clouds flee a-way; Yon bonny blue

skies how de-light-fu' to see! Now lin-ties and black-birds sing



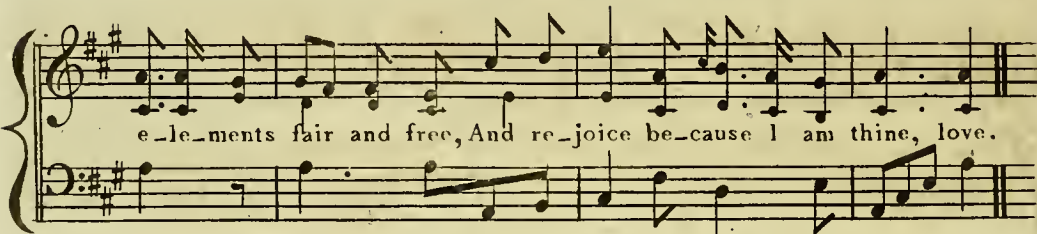
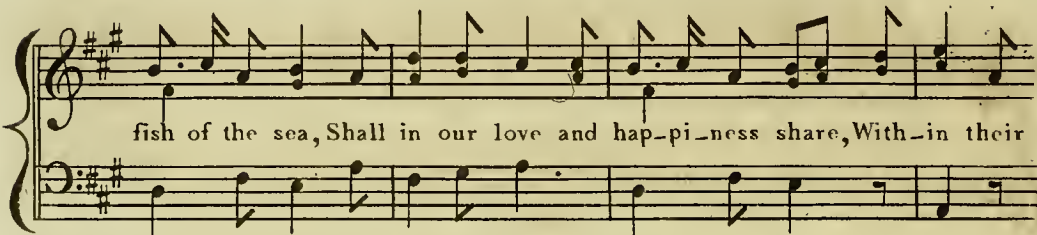
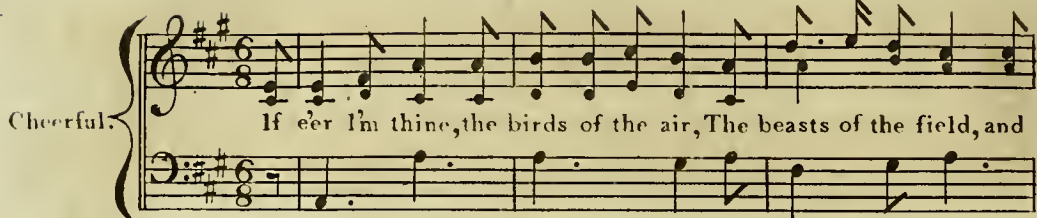
Ye mind when the snaw lay sae deep on the hill,
 When cauld icy cranreugh hung white on the tree,
 When bushes were leafless, an' mournfully still
 Were the wee birds o' sweet Woodhouselee.
 When snaw-show'rs were fa'ing,
 An' wintry winds blawing,
 Loud whistling o'er mountain and meadow sae chill,
 We mark'd it wi' sorrowing ee:
 But now, since the flowers
 Again busk the bowers,
 O come, my dear lassie, wi' smiling guidwill,
 An' wander around Woodhouselee!

1st Verse by J. Hamilton, 2^d by Tannahill.

IF E'ER I AM THINE.

Air—The winnowing Sheet,

Cheerful.

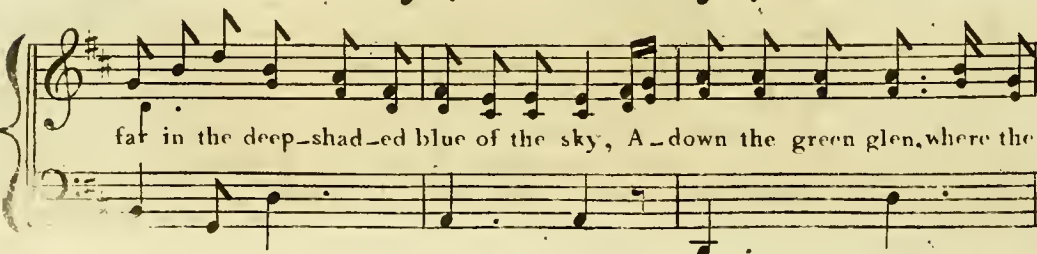
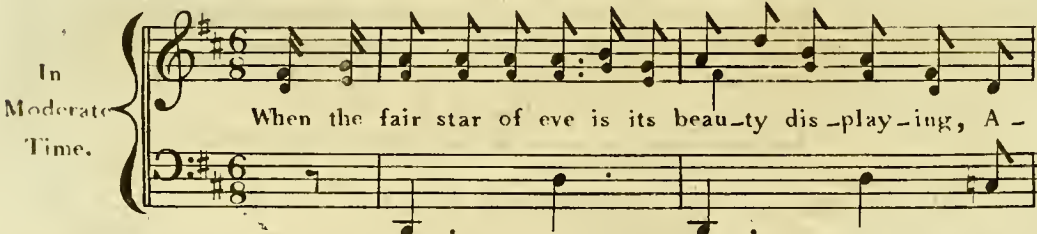


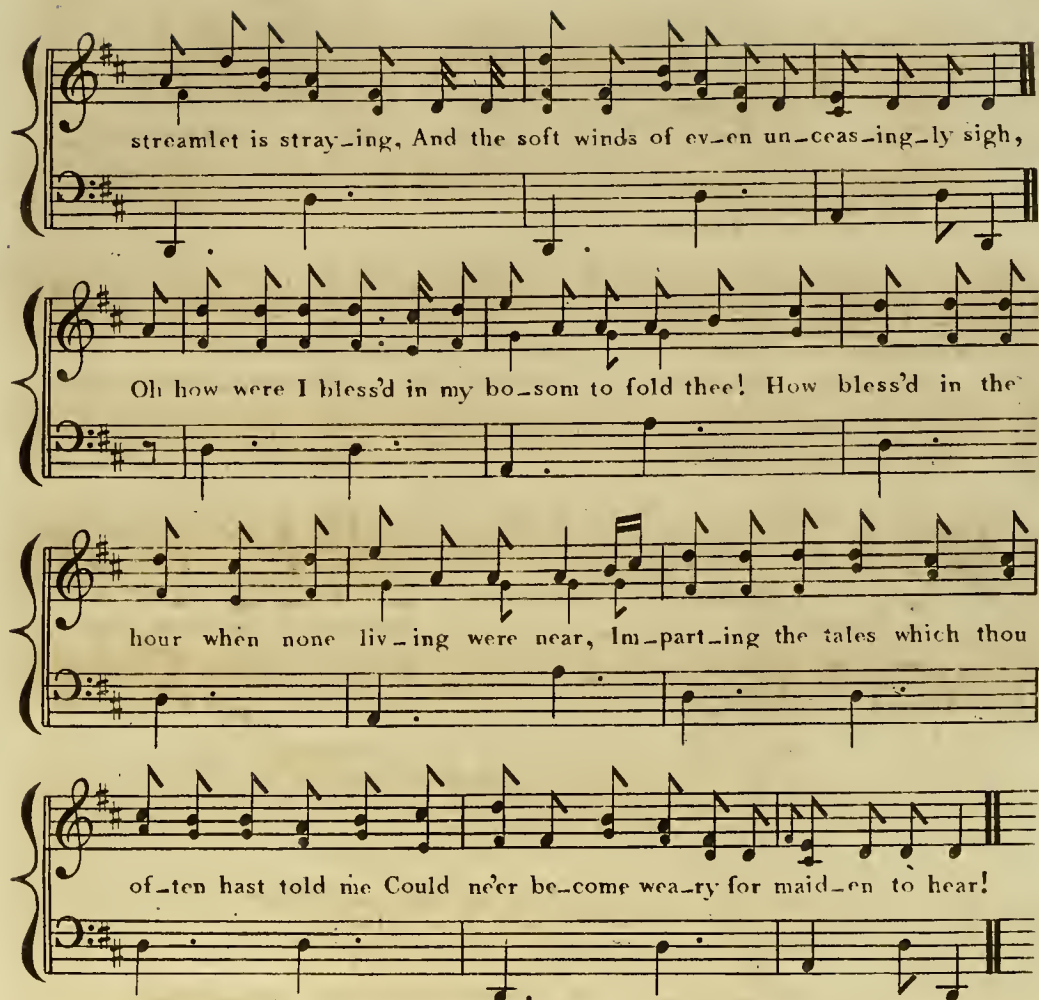
We'll have no flowers, nor words of love,
Nor dreams of bliss that never can be;
Our trust shall be in heaven above;
Our hope to a far futurity
Must arise when I am made thine, love.

And this shall raise our thoughts more high
Than visions of vanity here below;
For chequer'd thro' life our path must lie;
'Mid gleams of joy and shades of woe
We must travel when I am thine, love. James Hogg.

~~~~~\*~~~~~  
WHEN THE FAIR STAR OF EVE.

Air—Noch bonin shin doe.

In  
Moderate  
Time.



streamlet is stray-ing, And the soft winds of ev-en un-ceas-ing-ly sigh,

Oh how were I bless'd in my bo-som to fold thee! How bless'd in the

hour when none liv-ing were near, Im-part-ing the tales which thou

of-ten hast told me Could ne'er be-come wea-ry for maid-en to hear!

And thus when the feelings thy soul had pervaded  
 That all the rapt thrill of pure love can convey,  
 As if by the touch of that being who made it,  
 Driving earth and its cares from remembrance away,  
 Oh! would not thy bosom fond longings discover  
 That we in this green glen might ever remain,  
 Where thus thou could'st live in the bliss of a lover,  
 And taste not the woes of the rude world again.

The leaves by the blast from the oak may be shaken,  
 Ere yet be decayed all their beauty of green,  
 The gem from its lair in the rock can be taken,  
 In which it hath lain through the time that hath been;  
 But love, in the soul that the heart's fervent feeling  
 Has taught in the years of our youth-hood to grow,  
 Shall live—therein live—when the spirit is stealing  
 Away from the relic that ceases to glow.

H. S. Riddell.

*SHE WAS MINE.*

Air—Kathleen's dirge.

Slow.

She was mine when the leayes of the fo- rest were green, When the

rose\_blos\_soms hung on the tree, And dear, dear to me, were the

joys that had been, And I dream'd of en\_joy\_ments to be.

But she faded more fast than the blossoms could fade,  
 No human attention could save,  
 And when the green leaves of the forest decay'd,  
 The winds strew'd them over her grave.

Knox.

*COME FROM THE SEA.*

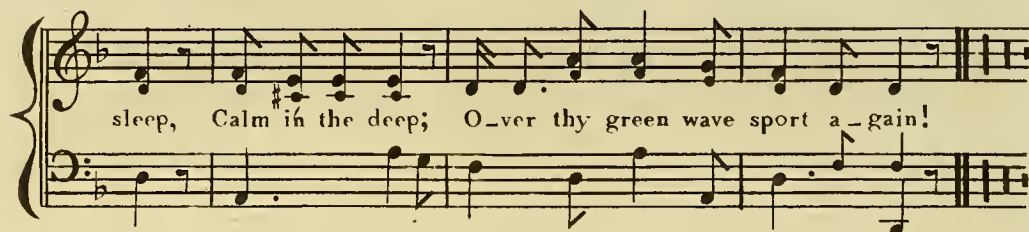
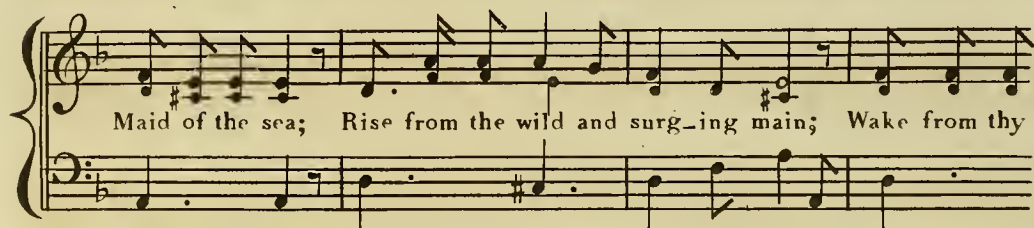
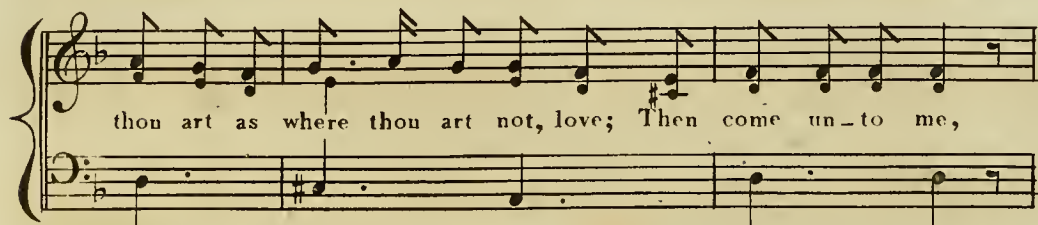
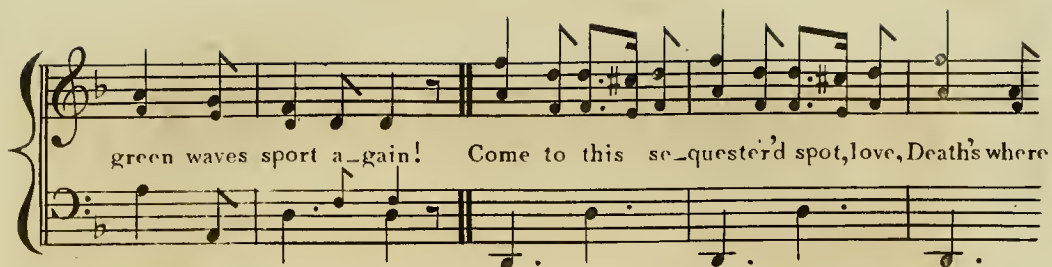
Air—Cuishliu ma chree.

Mod:

Come from the sea, Maid-en, to me, Maid of mys- te- ry,

love, and pain; Wake from thy sleep, Low in the deep; O-ver thy





Is not the wave  
 Made for the slave,  
 Tyrants, chains, and stern controul?  
 Land for the free  
 Spirit like thee,  
 Thing of delight to a minstrel's soul?  
 Come, with thy song of love and of sadness,  
 Beauty of face, and rapture of madness,  
 O come unto me,  
 Maid of the sea!  
 Rise from the wild and surging main;  
 Wake from thy sleep,  
 Calm in the deep;  
 Over thy green wave sport again!

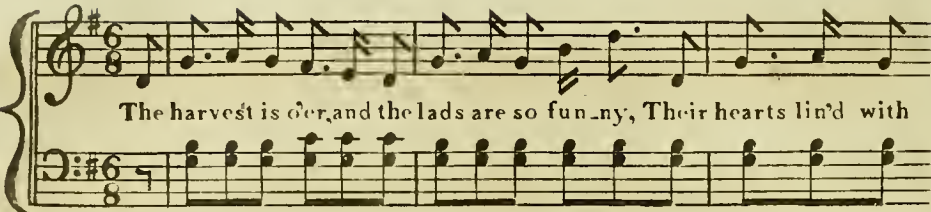
James Hogg.

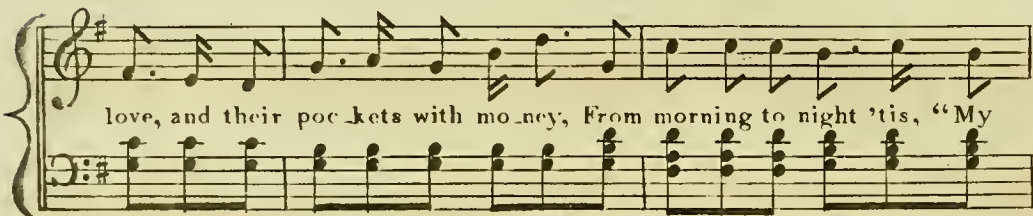


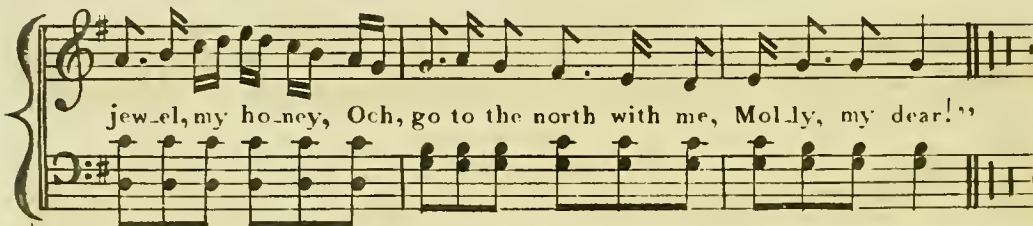


## MOLLY, MY DEAR.

Air — Miss Molly.

Lively. {  The harvest is o'er, and the lads are so fun-ny, Their hearts lind' with

{  love, and their poc-kets with mo-ney, From morning to night 'tis, "My

{  jew-el, my ho-ney, Och, go to the north with me, Molly, my dear!"

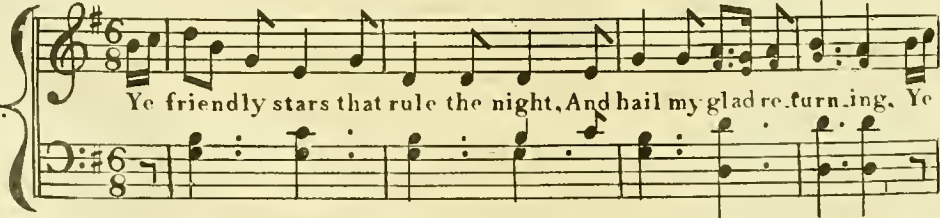
Young Dermot holds on with his sweet botheration,  
And swears there is only one flow'r in the nation;  
"Thou rose of the Shannon, thou pink of creation,  
Och, go to the north with me, Molly, my dear!"

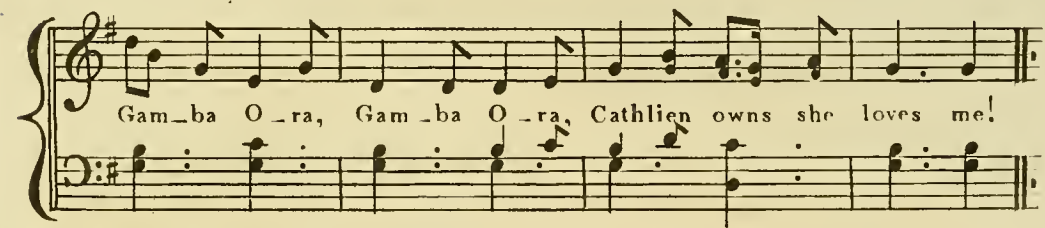
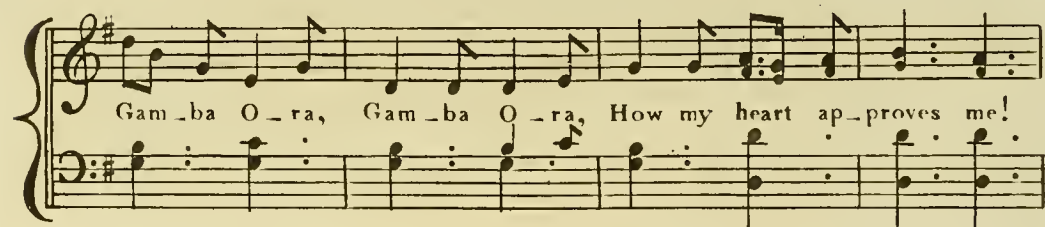
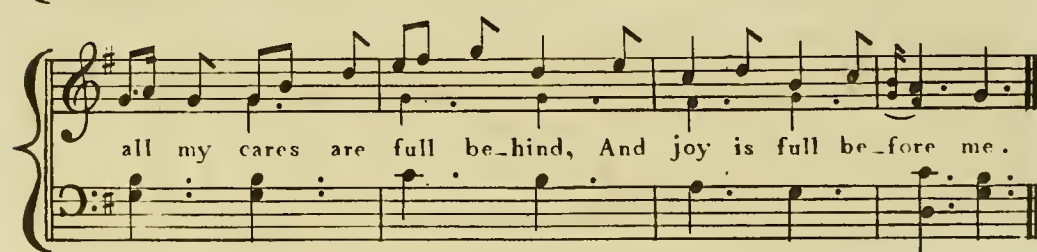
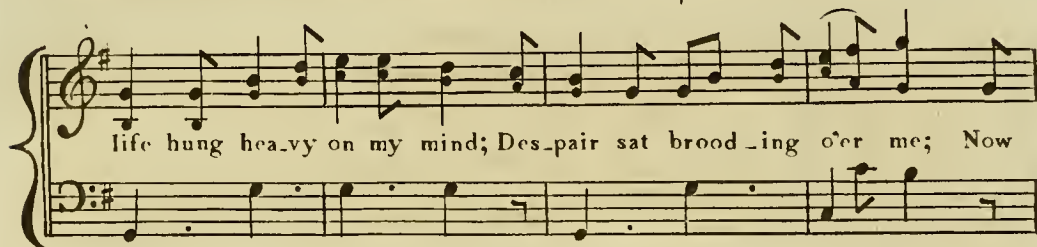
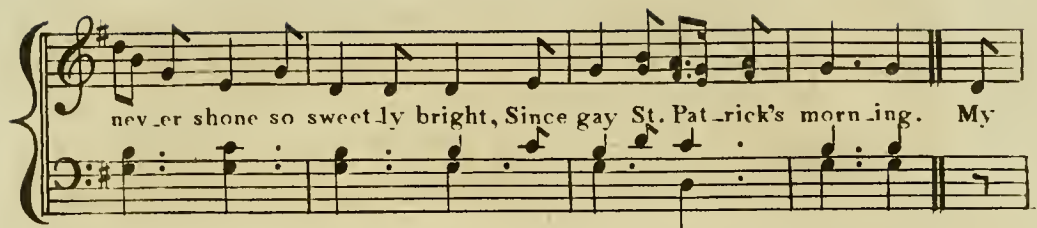
"The sun courts thy smiles as he sinks in the ocean,  
The moon to thy charms veils her face in devotion,  
And I, my poor self, och! so rich is my notion,  
Would pay down the world for sweet Molly, my dear."

Tho' Thady can match all the lads with his blarney,  
And sings me love-songs of the Lakes of Killarney,  
In worth from my Dermot he's twenty miles' journey;  
My heart bids me tell him I'll ne'er be his dear. Tannahill.

~~~~~\*~~~~~  
YE FRIENDLY STARS THAT RULE THE NIGHT.

Air — Gamba Ora.

Cheerily. {  Ye friendly stars that rule the night, And hail my glad re- turn- ing. Ye



Were all the flow'ry pastures mine,
 That deck fair Limerick County,
 That wealth, dear Cathlien, should be thine,
 And all should share our bounty.
 But fortune's gifts I value not,
 Nor grandeur's highest station,
 I would not change my happy lot
 For all the Irish nation.

Gamba Ora, &c.

Tannahill.

O! THE LIGHT OF THIS WORLD.

Air—The old head of Dennis.

Moderate
time, with
Expression

O! the light of this world is all fading and dark, And

black are the clouds that en-cir-cle the sky! O! the sun nev-er

shines on the wan-der-ing bark, When the waves of the wild o-cean

toss it on high, When the waves of the wild o-cean toss it on high.

O! the flowers of the mountain are fairer by far
 Than the nurslings of art in the gaudy parterre;
 But though lovely and sweet as the bright twinkling star,
 Unmark'd by proud man, they are flourishing there.

O! the flow of the broad sparkling river is gay,
 With the ship floating over its bosom of pride,
 But the streamlet, far brighter, neglected may stray,
 Where the blue-bell and heather bloom fresh on its side.

O! who then would trust to the hopes of this world,
 Since its honours to virtue, are ne'er, alas! given;
 Since the true flag of glory is never unfurl'd,
 Save before the bright portals that open to heaven!

THE BOSOM THAT BEATS.

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Air — Garry Owen.

Mod: The bosom that beats when a brother's distress, The lip that can

whis-per sweet hope to his breast, Are all that I boast, as my

journey I hold Through scenes that would make ev-en, sympathy cold.

Then ask you why I shed the tear, As, gen-tle youth, your course I steer? The

rose of pleasure scents the morn, But, ah! be-ware the lurk-ing thorn!

Oh! friendship will smile, and yet doom you to want;
 And ignorant pride at humility taunt;
 And falsehood in truth's rosy mantle betray,
 And love lead your feet through the slippery way;
 But wear, dear youth, the brow serene,
 And boldly meet each troublous scene,
 Pale vice to native glooms will fly,
 Nor combat virtue's beaming eye.

THE MOON CALMLY SLEEPS ON THE OCEAN.

Air—The pretty Girl milking the Cow.

Slowly.

The moon calmly sleeps on the o-cean, And beams on its

soft-ris-ing breast; All is still, and the tem-pest's com-mo-tion Is

hush'd in the bed of its rest. My home ris-es sweet o'er the

bil-low; Its part-ing smile comes up-on me Like the sun-beam that

rests on the wil-low, Which sad in its brightness we see.

Adieu, my dear land! we must sever,
 The breezes will waft me away;
 In calm, or in tempest, oh never
 Will love to my country decay.
 Let me gaze while thy hills o'er the ocean
 Lie soft on its watery blue;—
 Thou art gone, and my bosom's emotion
 Has falter'd, "My Erin, adieu!"

D. Weir.

